MARCH 13 — 21, 1980

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EVE'S WEEKLY

Ammu

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FTER BABIES:
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THE
NATIONAL
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HOW FAR
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TIPS ON
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WINE
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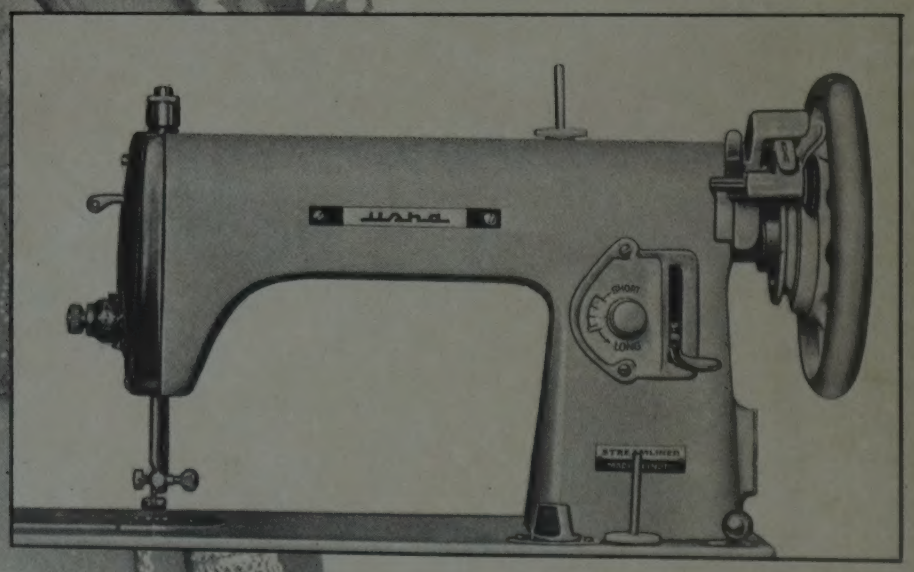

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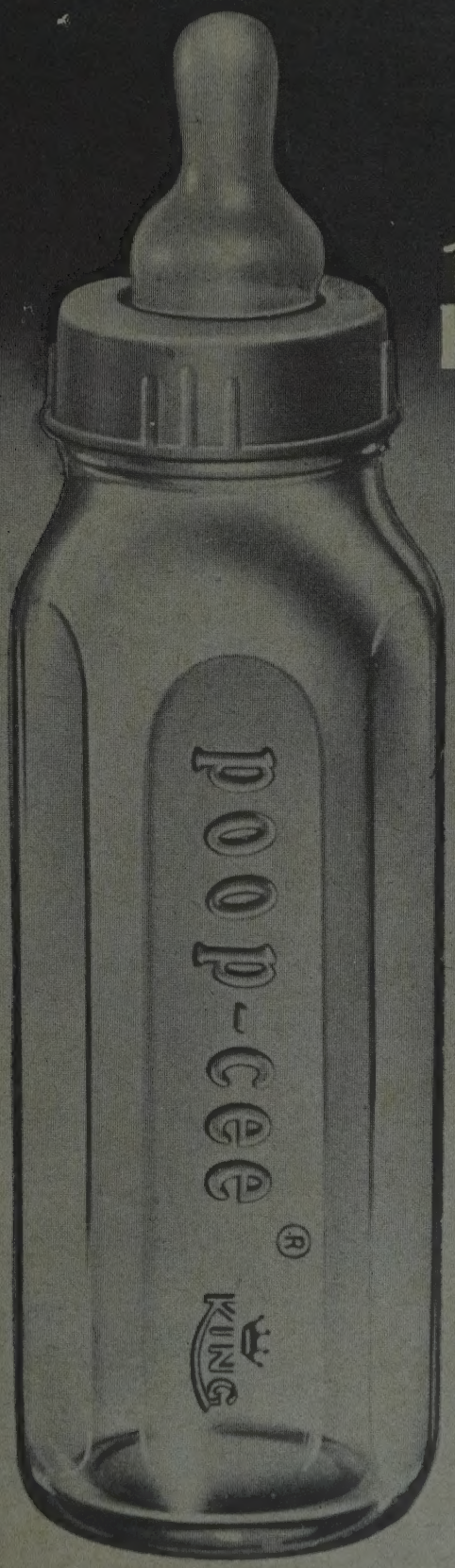

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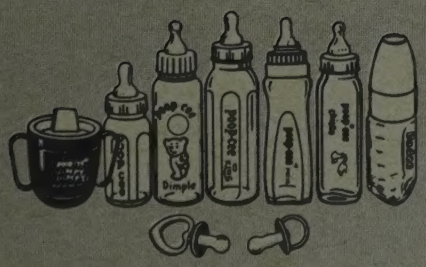

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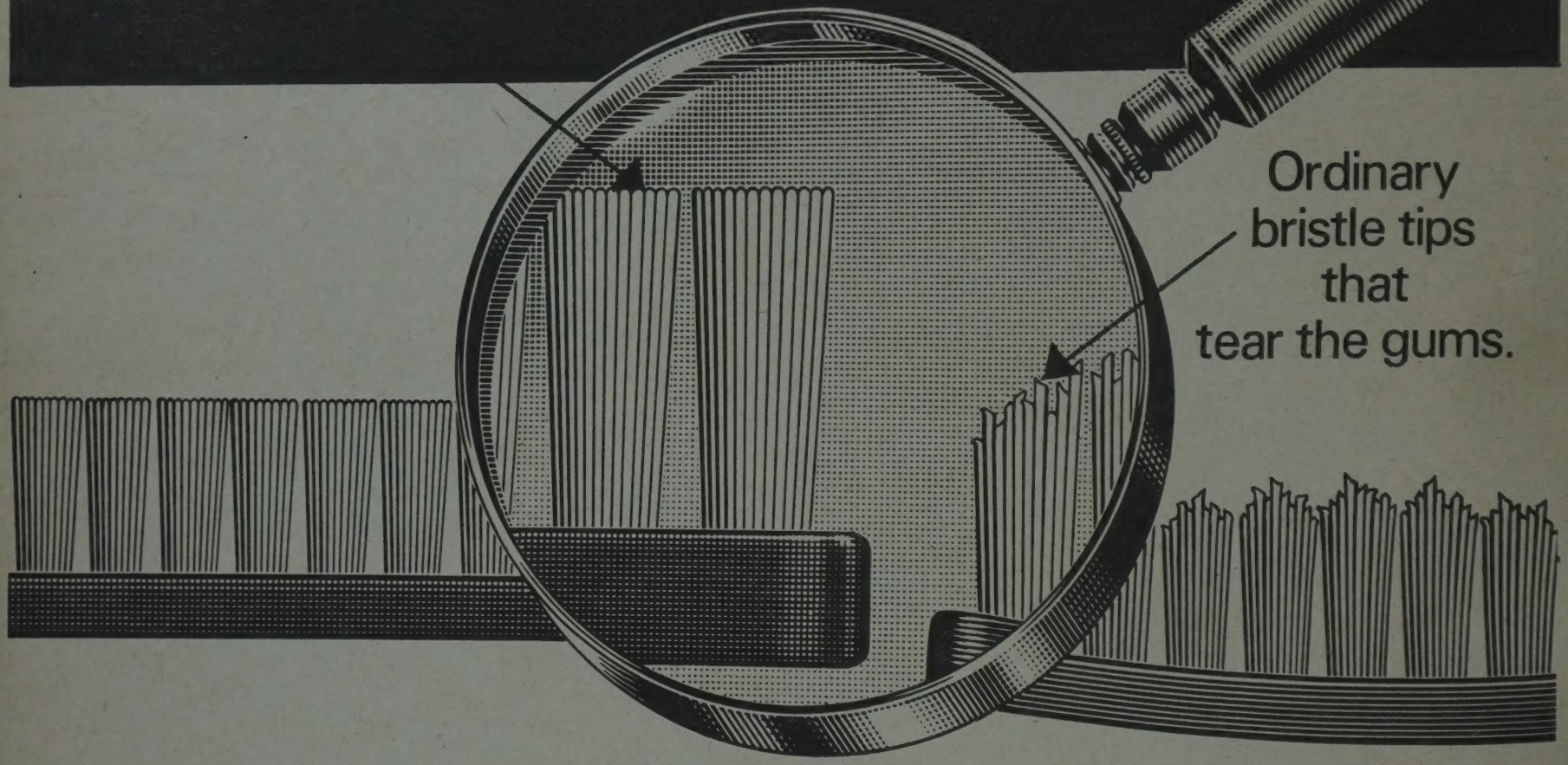

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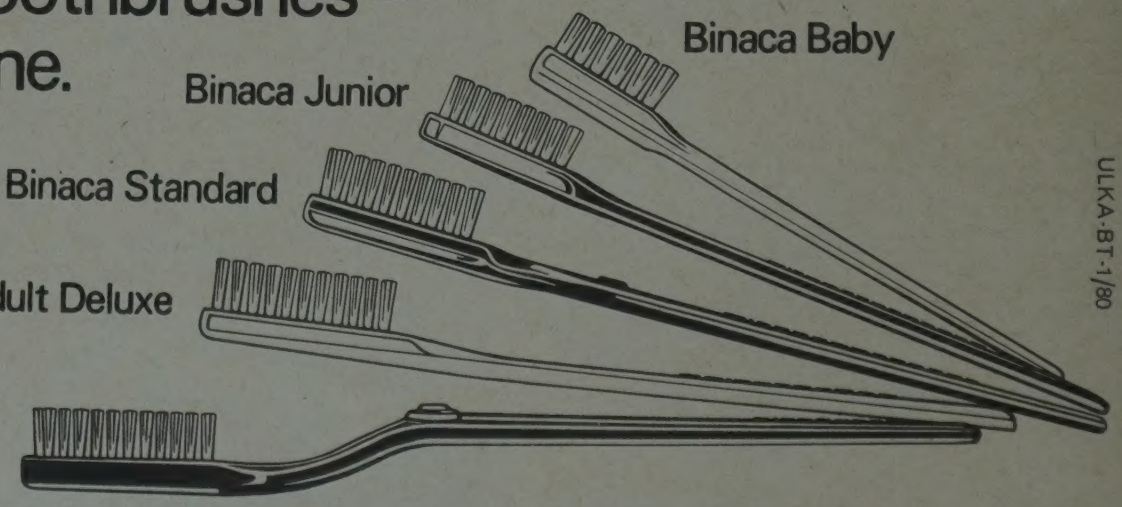

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Eve's Weekly

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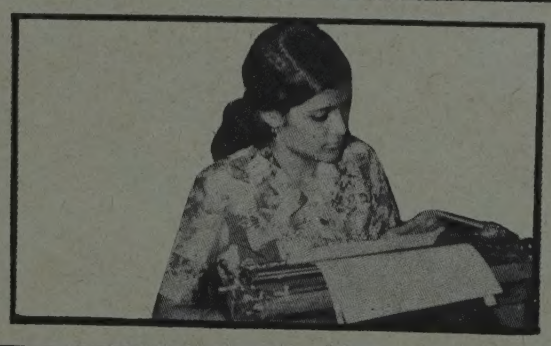
THIS WEEK

LIFE AFTER BABIES

Changes in life style after babies are born. How husband and wife react to this event and how they adjust after the initial upsets. A psychologist and an educationist also analyse the situation.
Page 10



THE CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY

An important cog in the corporational wheel she may be, but what is her status, what are her rights? A revealing survey.
Page 21

CITY LIFE HAZARDS

The chain snatcher, the burglar and the house-breaker have become commonplace in cities today, and women are their main victims. A few precautions women should take to minimize these hazards.
Page 40

NAEP

The massive programme of adult education that was launched with such fanfare, either has not got off the ground or has been mired in indifference and inertia, except in Maharashtra.
Page 17

WOMEN'S LIB AND RURAL WOMEN

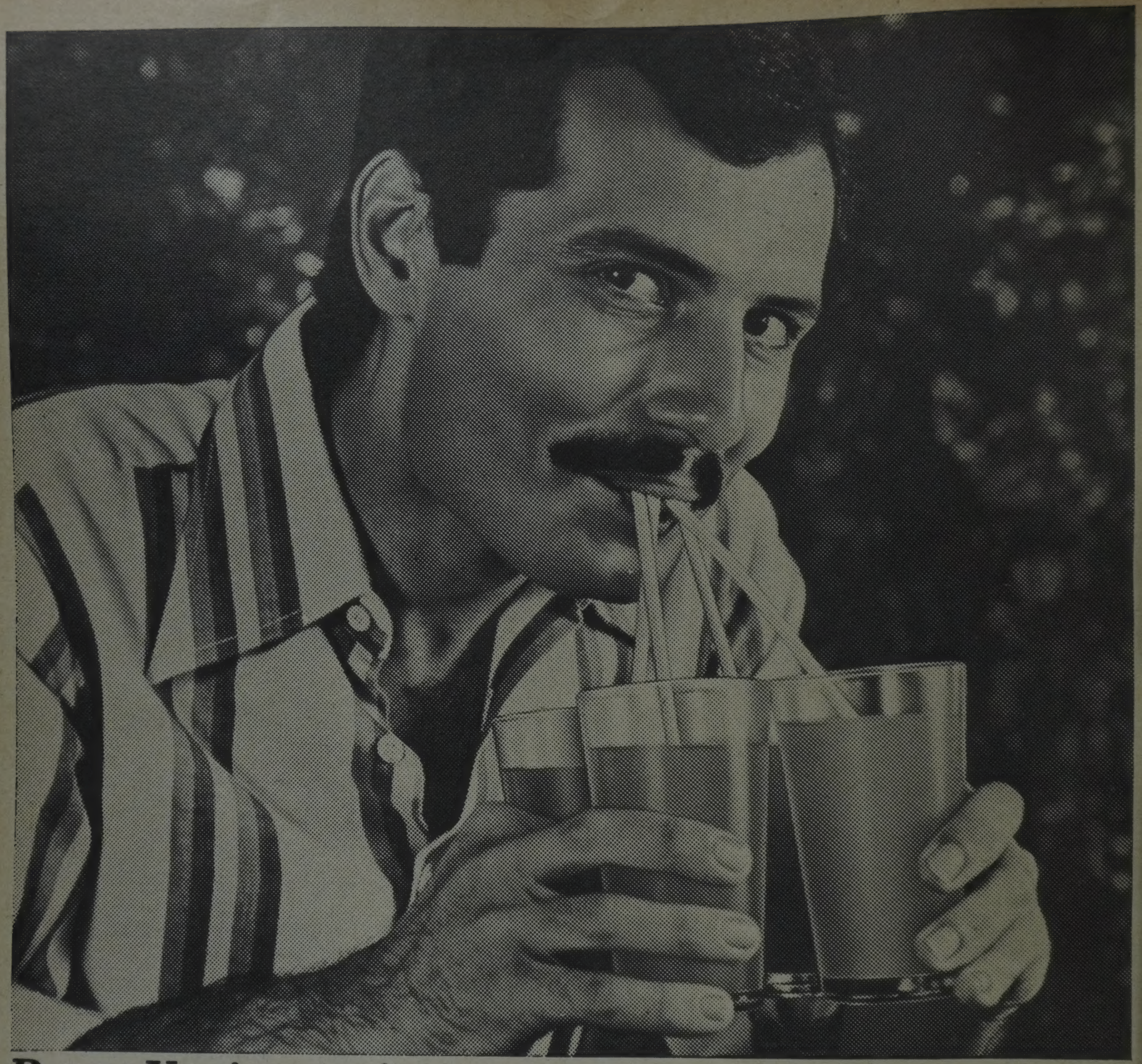
Have the traditionally docile and illiterate women of our villages even heard of the revolt by women against the injustice and indignity perpetrated on them by male chauvinists? A report by a U.N. body.
Page 45

ALSO

Handicapped but creative — **Page 23** Passing Through — The M & B couple and Nita Barrow — **Page 25** Women in Focus — Shirin Miller, artist — **Page 33** IYC story — **Page 43** Film Star, an interview with Mithun Chakraborty — **Page 47** Human Interest Story — **Page 48** People Known and Unknown — **Page 51** In My Own Write — **Page 53.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**27**, Short Story/**28**, Fashion/**30**, Cookery/**35**, Beauty bulletin and Jokes/**41**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People and Events/**56**, This week for you/**58**.



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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

UNIFORM NEGLIGENCE

In Baroda recently, a young school-girl lost her life, all because she failed to wear her uniform. She was turned back at the school-gates. Since she had to answer an important exam, she rode home on her bicycle recklessly and was mowed down by a speeding truck. The incident has created a stir in academic circles and the blame has been placed squarely on "the unnecessary regimentation regarding uniforms".

The shock and the grief generated by the incident are inevitable and understandable, but decrying and condemning the system of uniforms is both wrong and misleading. Indeed, uniforms help to establish what the word itself implies—a sense of uniformity or oneness among the children, while at the same time relieving parents of buying new outfits for fashion-conscious youngsters. What really led to the tragic incident was negligence and a sad lack of responsibility on the part of the school-authorities and I hope to alert all concerned with education to this aspect of the matter. Within school-hours the safety and welfare of every child are wholly the responsibility of the school-authorities. Once a child has reached school, no teacher should ever send a child away without a proper escort. When a child is kept in after school hours as a punishment, the teacher must stay back or ensure that the child is in safe hands. I write this not merely as a parent, but also as a teacher. Vigilance, indeed, is the watchword for the teacher, for negligence even of the smallest degree can end in tragedy and life-long regret.

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore

It is pointless to lay the blame on any single factor everytime a tragic accident occurs. What if the girl had been hurrying to buy medicine for an ailing parent — would we have blamed the parent for being sick? But yes, you are so right about the responsibility of the school. To make a child go back because she was not dressed "properly" is almost criminal. No head of an educational institution should ever allow this to happen.

2nd PRIZE

INNOCENTS ABROAD AND AT HOME

Some time ago I read a letter to the Editor of a national newspaper wherein a reader had bemoaned the fact that some parents force 'innocent boys' to marry girls bringing in big dowries. I would like to know when exactly a 'boy' ceases to be a boy and can be thought of as a 'man'. Surely by the time he is ready for marriage, he should be referred to as a 'man', neither 'innocent' nor a 'boy'!

The fact is, in our country we continue to think of our sons and daughters as 'boys' and 'girls' even after they are grown up and holding responsible jobs. The result of this attitude is that in certain areas they just do not grow up and voluntarily relinquish the right and responsibility to make decisions, Young men are aware of the messy financial wheeling and dealing that go on on their behalf but prefer to pretend they aren't. Hence the astonishing spectacle of brilliant, highly-paid scientists, doctors and executives flying in from abroad to marry the girl with the large dowry 'fixed up' for them.

The honest among them (later dubbed 'black sheep') prefer to marry young women of their choice back where they work and live happily (sometimes unhappily). Some dishonest ones marry the 'girl' chosen by the parents and carry on affairs with the young women of their choice. The timid 'innocent boy' marries the girl . someone has 'fixed up' and adjusts to what life has to offer. Fatalism comes in handy here. This is not a plea for the abolition of 'arranged' marriages but just a challenge to young men to grow up and not remain 'innocent boys'. Only if and when they grow up, assert themselves and insist on being listened to — at least in the matter of their own marriage — will the curse of dowry disappear. But then a lakh of rupees is not to be sniffed at, is it? — or isn't it?

A. JOSEPH,
Bangalore

Sometimes we get so mad at these dear, innocent boys, we feel they should all be tied together and given a mass thrashing. But seriously, we've known overgrown boys, ostensibly men of the world, who live in awe of their parents (even if they are thousands of miles away) and wouldn't think of flouting their wishes. There is something wrong somewhere — and we would trace it back to autocratic parents.

3rd PRIZE

DRUNKEN DRIVING

The newspapers recently carried the sad news of yet another young life brought to an abrupt end. The woeful waste of a life made doubly regrettable by the fact that it was a preventable death. Had the driver, or his host, realised that the consumption of alcohol had rendered him unsuitable to drive back home from the party, things would have been different. While we rave and rant over the evils of alcohol, in our country we pay scant attention to the plain fact that drinking and driving never go together. Lack of alertness and poor concentration coupled with sluggish reflexes make driving taboo for "drinking drivers"

Realisation of this fact has made driving under the influence of alcohol a grave offence in many countries. It is time we took equally stringent steps in this direction and prevent those under the influence of alcohol from getting behind the wheel, jeopardising their own lives and those of others.

DAPHNE KHAN
Hyderabad

While our traffic police does its best with all its watchdogs and slogans, it is not nearly enough. We should have something like the 'breathaliser' tests done abroad — and every case of drunken driving whether ending fatally or not must be punished most severely and that punishment prominently announced in the papers and over the radio and T.V.

GUESS THE GAS

I want to draw the attention of K. P. Rajan regarding the 'Domestic Gas Meter'. In an LPG cylinder there is the two-phase system i.e. there is liquid as well as gas. The pressure inside remains constant till it is a two-phase system which equals the saturation pressure of the liquid. So an ordinary pressure gauge cannot serve the intended purpose as is done with industrial oxygen and nitrogen cylinders. There are two alternatives left. One is to use a liquid level indicator and the other is to put a weighing machine directly underneath the cylinder whose scale can be adjusted to read zero when the cylinder is empty.

A. K. KOHLI,
Bombay

This is a vexing problem for most cooks. Thanks for your suggestions. Maybe some housewives can try them out.

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Kalbadevi: Poonam,
Allwyn Dresses,
Tan-Man Topiwalla,
Geeta Dresses.

FERREIRA ASSOCIATES SC-1

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Ref. the Human Interest Story published in your issue of October 20, I am Geeta's mother and I have a request which I hope you will publish.

You see, unfortunately, in the interview with Geeta, the names of the many people who helped us a great deal in our hour of tragedy have not been mentioned. We are grateful to Dr. Rama Rao and his assistants (Rehabilitation Centre), the staff of the Breach Candy Hospital, especially the head of the Physiotherapy department, Mrs. Jaishree Naik, and all the sisters, especially Meena, the doctors and our friends and relatives who stood by us during those terrible days. And it was Mr. Nandu Chhabria who gave Geeta and us a helping hand which enabled her to realise her dream of marrying and becoming a mother. Natasha, her daughter and our grandchild, is a charmer and she has brought light, sunshine and happiness to us all.

INDU BANKER, Bombay

SHORT STORY

The story, "Raju's Mother", by Rukmini Parthasarathy (January 5 and 12) is indeed touching. It is an authentic depiction of the Indian attitude towards the roles of men and women in society.

There are many many Vedas who have to put up with humiliation, neglect and rejection by the men in their families. They have to be thankful for small mercies since even those are not theirs by right. Unfortunately, there are too few Ushas to lighten the burden of the old and unhappy Vedas.

PARVATHI MENON, Ottapalam

PHOTOGRAPHY

How nice to see Eve's Weekly's new approach to creative photography! I have been taking snaps for years, but now for the first time I am beginning to understand the difference that change of viewpoint can make to a picture. None of the popular books on photography explains this aspect of the art. I hope you will also cover non-scenic subjects like portraits, sports, children, etc

How about a snapshots competition for your women readers? Small prizes will do for providing the necessary incentive.

SUSAN D'SOUZA, Matheran

A TOUCHING POEM

The poem on the last page of Eve's Weekly of January 19, "A Champa Garland" by Thrity E. Bharucha, is so touching and poignant. What beautiful words and thoughts!

By reading it one can unfold a whole lifetime.

Thank you for giving a poem like this. I have always enjoyed reading her poems, but this one really touches one's heart.

Thank you once again Eve's Weekly.

PHYLLIS ENGINEER, Bombay

A DIFFERENT ENDING

Congratulations on the story: "A Matter of Destiny" (February 16). I compliment the author for the "different" ending. I am sick of the sugar-coated heroine. We need women who can wake up to realities in time. Countless centuries have seen women wreck their lives on the altar of romance and sentimentality, not to speak of blind love.

KAMLESH VAID, Nagpur

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MARCH 22

WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

Interviews with the new M.P.s who have been elected to the seventh Lok Sabha.

SOPHIA LOREN

Excerpts from the autobiography of the screen's most durable siren.

WOMEN PLAY FOOTBALL

This strenuous game too is no longer the exclusive domain of the male, and girls are doing well in it.

THE RHYTHM METHOD

The most natural and the easiest method of birth control. But how effective is it? A specialist writes on its methodology and reliability.

KITCHEN GARDENING

Continuing the series on how to grow vegetables at home.

PHOTOGRAPHY

An expert writes on this difficult but rewarding hobby.

PLUS

All our regular features

POST-BABY

Mala Vaishnav

Someone once said, "Babies are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little bit of angel-shine about them and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart."

"Really?" exclaimed the mother of a three-month-old looking disbelievingly at me. "My brat frazzles my nerves, is constantly constipated and is just a noisy bundle of mischief!"

Draped in a faded kaftan, her hair (once silken soft) in disarray, she spoke a polite refusal to a dinner invitation when the phone rang. Looking helplessly around at the untidy room, she moaned, "I must be thoroughly disorganised. Do all new mothers feel like this?"

"An ayah is a boon to a new mother; it's only because of her that we were able to go out and enjoy ourselves just two months after the delivery."

Not all. **Seema Malhotra** for instance, an ex-beauty queen whose lifestyle included a constant round of parties, travelling and entertaining, gave up nothing when little Ankush arrived. Mainly because she shares a home with understanding in-laws and can afford the luxury of a full-time servant exclusively employed to take care of the baby.

"An ayah is a boon to a new mother; it's only because of Ganga that we were able to go out and enjoy ourselves just two months after the delivery," said Seema.

But when the convenience of a mother-in-law or ayah is absent, outings are curtailed, largely because the couple have to cart the child along to places where the baby would be a nuisance, a movie for instance. Spontaneous pleasures are killed outright because now it's a long, routine of preparing feeds and packing diapers and toys before setting out.

"My job went out of the window. I became fat, spent sleepless nights and was always exhausted."

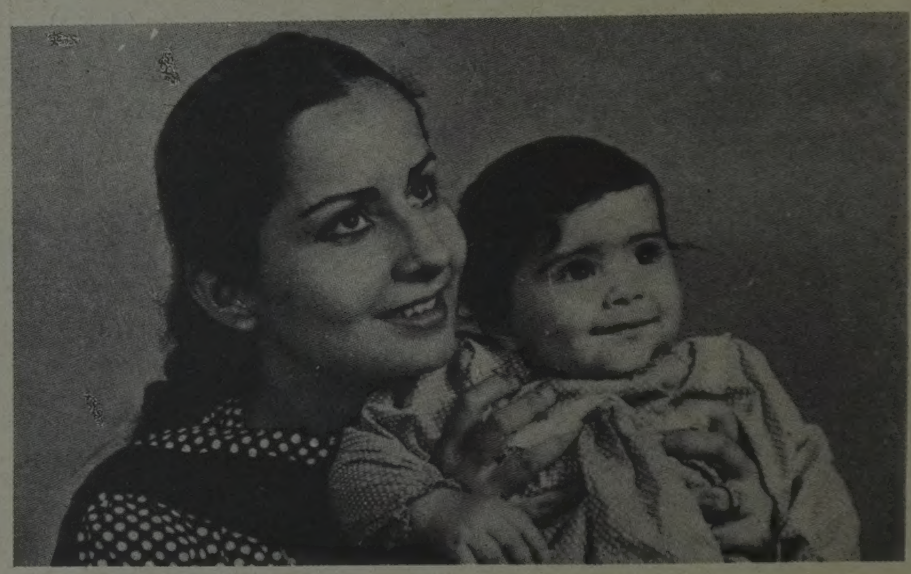
Kamala and **Hari Balan**, settled in California, USA, admitted that their daughter's birth had messed up their well-planned routine. They had to adjust their time around the baby, giving up some of their favourite activities. "My job went out of the window. I became fat, spent sleepless nights and was always exhausted," said Kamala.

Kamal Panag, a young housewife from Dehra Dun, who had been always very particular about a good night's sleep, says her puffy eyes and dopy state are worth one dimpled smile from the crib! When her daughter cut her first tooth, she rushed to the neighbour's house to convey the good news. Her husband, Harcharanjit, resented his wife's shifting loyalties at first. He remembered how he "could not spend time alone with my wife. Suddenly my shirts had no buttons, my trousers were crumpled, my house was in a mess and I was at the mercy of my servant. I became an orphan in my own home!"

"Suddenly my shirts had no buttons, my trousers were crumpled, my house was in a mess, and I was at the mercy of my servant. I became an orphan in my own home!"

While sympathising with their husbands' temporary predicament at this syphoning off of attention, many women felt that things would be much easier if the men took a keener interest in caring for the baby and shared equally in all the extra work, especially since couples today much prefer to bring up a child themselves rather than leaving him/her with grand-parents, who usually have a tendency to spoil and pamper the kid.

Competent and trust-worthy servants are hard to come by and very often their wages (anything between Rs. 80 to Rs. 150 per month) are beyond the means of most couples, more so, when the mother is forced to give up her job.



ABOVE: "My husband was relegated to 2nd place." Kamal Panag seen here with little Gulnar.

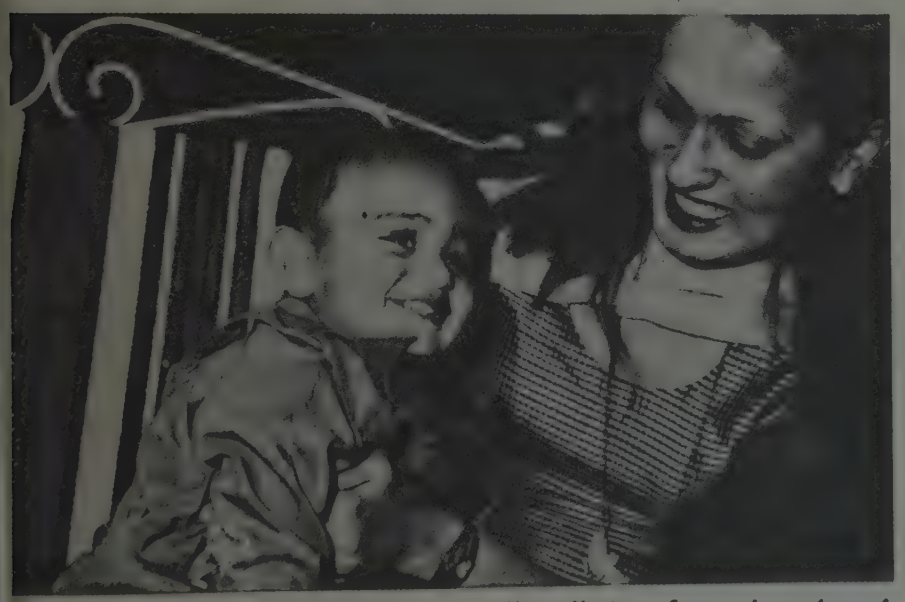
LEFT: She upset their well-planned schedule. Kamala and Hari Balan with baby Shilpa.

Angela and **James**, an English couple living in Farnborough, Hants, experienced a minor financial problem when their son was born. "We d' .t have my wage any more, so had to be extra careful about the expenditure," said Angela. They are lucky to have willing parents and helpful friends who don't mind looking after the baby sometimes when Angela and James need a breather.

With the arrival of a baby responsibilities increase doublefold. While the majority of women take the experience in their stride

BLUES

a child
will make love stronger,
days shorter,
nights longer,
pay packets emptier,
homes happier,
clothes shabbier,
the past forgotten
and the future worth living.



as an essential part of womanhood and watch every stage of their baby's growth with a sense of wonder and fulfilment, there are some who are unable to cope. These are women who resent the birth and view it as a restriction on their personal independence and freedom, or who are still suffering from the after-effects of a difficult delivery and are mentally or physically not prepared to accept total responsibility for the child. Such offspring grow up in the care of servants or relatives resulting in the inevitable psychological and physical estrangement from their parents.

In their early thirties and married for eight years, **Sarita** and **Rakesh Vohra** feel that the wisest decision they ever made was not to have a baby since neither was willing to sacrifice their successful careers. "It would be terribly unfair to the child to be brought up by ayahs or relatives," said Sarita. Besides, they believe that children must have space to grow properly and their accommodation at the moment is quite microscopic! Rakesh added that when a colleague's son celebrated his first birthday, the couple counted their savings, took a small loan and shifted into a bigger place where there was enough space to keep a separate room for the child. Here, while being cherished and cared for, the child will grow up independent as an individual instead of crawling into Ma and Pa's bed all the time.

ABOVE: Angela and James' (seen here) parents are willing baby sitters.

LEFT : "My husband claims he would do anything in the world for Ankush, but change a diaper!" — Seema Malhotra.

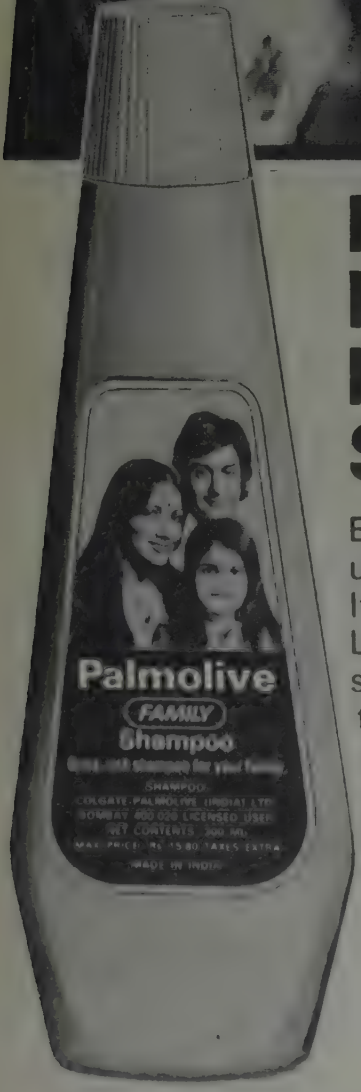
Ten-month-old Shilpa gurgles and coos happily in a nursery which she has all to herself. Her mother has painted cartoons of animals and Walt Disney characters on the walls and hung pretty curtains on the windows. There is a play-pen, a high chair and plenty of toys. Shilpa's present lifestyle is solely due to the fact that Kamala and Hari waited three years before she was born and decided to have a baby only when they were "settled."

Examples of parents who delay the arrival of the first child and space out the rest, are few and far between. In contrast to the reasonably well-to-do and middle-class families are the teeming millions in our country, who produce children year after year with little or no change in their life-style. Lower middle-class couples living in one-room tenements grow old just bearing and bringing up children. For some women who have spent the later years of their childhood shouldering the responsibility of younger brothers and sisters, it is just an extension of their previous way of living — an unending chore of feeding, nursing, washing and educating children as they come. Contraception, even if known, is either practised infrequently or regarded as a religious taboo, so the fresh arrivals are usually in quick succession.

"I am so tired," sighed **Shantibai,** a domestic servant and a mother of five. According to her, the few precautions which were used had failed miserably and in the end, she went in for a "complete operation." Thirty-two years old, she looks at least fifty.

Continued on page 15

Palmolive Shampoos.
Really good. Really economical.



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ON BECOMING A PARENT:
a professional viewpoint

Sonali Majumdar

Comes a new baby, and suddenly the lifestyle of a couple changes dramatically. Along with the baby, come various additions to the family's life — responsibility, strain, tension, fear, longer and more tedious hours of housework, frustration, noise. The proud parents were adequately prepared for a sweet-smelling, dimpled "bundle of joy." Where then, did this mewling, dirty, restless, demanding scrap of humanity spring from?

As with everything, this change is first solidified in language. No longer is it husband, wife, couple — these terms become obsolete and are replaced by father, mother, parents, family. The terminology may be easy to grasp, the relationship is not. For relating as a family not only takes time, but also accounts for various errors and a series of changes over the years.

Changes are important and inevitable with the emergence of a family unit. Whatever may have been the lifestyle of a couple, there is no possible way by which they can continue it unchanged after the birth of a child. What is important is the degree of change that is affected in their lives. The couple has to strike a happy medium between allowing their home to be a child dominated or a parent dominated one. This is not as easy as it sounds, because there are no do's and don'ts in this game. Each family has to adjust in keeping with their earlier relationships, with their social financial situation, with their outlook and lifestyle.

Two interviews, one with a psychologist, Mrs. Nafisa Moochhalla, the other with an educationist, Mrs. Zakiya Kurien, showed that there are no hard and fast rules as to the adjustments to be made by an "expectant" family. The interviewees, both noted in their respective fields for their wide experience, are also personally involved in the issue, being themselves wives and mothers. Both maintained that it is difficult to generalise as to what changes occur and what are the correct ways in which to deal with such changes. It differs from family to family, individual to individual. There are many types of families — the nuclear family, the extended family, the family where both partners work, the family where the father is the only earning member — and there are mutations and combinations of the above types. How then are the changes to be met?

One agreed opinion was the need of the mother figure, especially in the child's early years. This does not necessarily mean that the mother must be present always, possibly the grandmother or an "ayah" could satisfy the child's physical and often, emotional needs. However, most mothers have certain views, values, which they would like their child to imbibe. For this, the physical presence of a mother is required. There is a subtle relationship and an interplay of emotions constantly being enacted between the child and the caring person. Should the mother wish to be an active and interested party, she has to find a way to satisfy this need in the child. This is the biggest challenge faced by a working mother. By giving up her job she will not only have to enact a different role, she will also have to cope with the frustrations of not working and most often has the added worry of lower income. For mothers who do not work this problem is modified, but exists none the less in that the mother's time is no longer her own.

The child's intellectual behaviour and capacity for learning are formulated largely during his first few years. As Mrs. Kurien explained, for learning to take place, the parents have to provide appropriate experiences and help the child to interpret them. Most important, he must have access to the words, the language by which he can express himself. Curiosity, the senses, intelligence, imagination, memory, all these play a part in early intellectual development, a development that occurs even before a child goes to nursery school. A mother who is sensitive to this aspect of child rearing will not be satisfied with an "ayah" as the constant caring figure. Together with her

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ON BECOMING A PARENT

husband, she feels personally responsible for creating the right home environment to meet these developmental needs. Adjustments have to be made to provide sufficient time for this. Despite the initial difficulties in doing so, there is great satisfaction to be derived from this kind of involvement with the child.

In the case of the nuclear family in particular, exists the very real problem of work and overwork. Life becomes a complex routine of cooking, cleaning, baby caring, nappy changing. . . especially as few families can afford domestic help. Social life is greatly reduced even if the parents can summon up the energy to go out, there is often no one to baby sit the child, or any place to leave him for a few hours. And the final degradation, most mothers feel. is the lack of time to pursue their own interests, resulting in a deadening of their mental and physical capabilities.

There does not seem to be any standard and easy answer to these problems. The solution would be to opt out of the accepted mother-housekeeper; father-breadwinner roles and reorganise responsibilities and household chores. The father, accepting housework and babycare leaves the mother with some time to pursue her own interests or, if desired, take up a part-time job which will stimulate her, yet not hamper her family responsibilities. This involvement and shared burden knits the family closer together, gives parents and the child emotional satisfaction and security as a family unit. Limitations there are with regard to their social life, but here also adjustments can be made to include the child. These changes from the earlier routine often enable the couple to retain the threads of their social activity.

Studies have shown that the changes in lifestyle are not as drastic in the case of an extended family. A joint family already has an infrastructure to deal with this new arrival. Upheavals in the day-to-day activities are not as many, and there is always the grandmother (or aunt) with whom the child can be left while the parents unwind.

Mrs. Moochhalla stressed that it is important for the baby to have one constant parental figure. By about six months, the child begins to recognize and respond to the mother figure. Too many changes in this figure can affect the child's rate of growth and responsiveness. By about one year the child begins to differentiate between strange and familiar faces; he becomes a social person. At about a year and a half the child indulges in parallel play, but it is only at three that he starts cooperative play. The age of five sees the peer group take on importance and parental company decreases in the child's scale of preferences. He no longer needs the constant care and attention of the parents, and parents once again find time for themselves.

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Couples discover that the birth of a child often results in changes in the husband/wife relationship, a change which can take two directions. In most families the husband and wife are brought closer together and derive great satisfaction in watching their child grow. On the other hand, a child can weaken the intensity of their alliance. The physical presence of the child itself sometimes irks. No longer are there quiet moments to spend with one's partner; instead, there is this being who needs constant attention, demands it. Moreover, tired out with work, the mother find she has little or no time to spend with the father. For working mothers is the added pressure to divide her time between her child and her husband in the short span of time they are all at home. Some parents feel the need to revert to their old relationship, but there is no going back. However, a new relationship can be created, one that encompasses the child. It often means giving up hobbies and pleasures the couple earlier indulged in, but that is one of the trade-offs parenthood demands.

The strange thing about the changes is, the more parents fight against them, reject them, the more difficult it becomes to get happiness and joy from their new lives and their child. If they come to terms with it, parents find that this new routine falls into place, for it is in actuality, a facet and an extension of their earlier married lives.

POST-BABY BLUES

Continued from page 11

"Once he began walking, my workload increased because he would undo what I had just done. I found I needed a lot of patience."

Often, a major change comes over the mother herself. Slim and immaculately groomed before, she ignores and neglects her physical appearance after the birth. Time is an important factor. "Once he began walking, my workload increased because he would undo what I had just done. I found I needed a lot of patience," said Angela. If Kamal shrieks in horror at the mirror when she discovers her unplucked eyebrows or groans at the chipped nail varnish, minutes before attending a party it's because her day has been spent "getting the brat out of other people's hair, bathing her, changing her nappy every ten minutes and cajoling her to 'please eat something'!" Also supervising hubby's meal, tallying accounts with the dhobi, answering the phone and making polite conversation with unwelcome visitors.

Money is the other factor. A tin of baby food and a soft new blanket have replaced the monthly sauna and facial. Yet there are a number of women who find time, however limited it may be, to get their minds and bodies back into shape.

Lost in the crowd of radiant pram-pushers are the couples who don't desire children, not for lack of finance or unwillingness to sacrifice a career but because they are not ready to shoulder responsibility for a "brat whose droppings I have to clean, whose tantrums I have to bear up with and for whom I'll have to make too many adjustments. Besides, my husband is too wrapped up in his job and travelling for us to want to have children."

"They don't know what they're missing!" declared all the harassed mothers. In spite of all the problems and frustrations that accompany the bringing up of a baby all the interviewees agreed that the baby's presence was worth it. Kamal still finds it incredible that her bundle of joy was literally created out of "microscopic raw material" and Kamala murmurs that after Shilpa's birth, "Hari and I have become much much closer."

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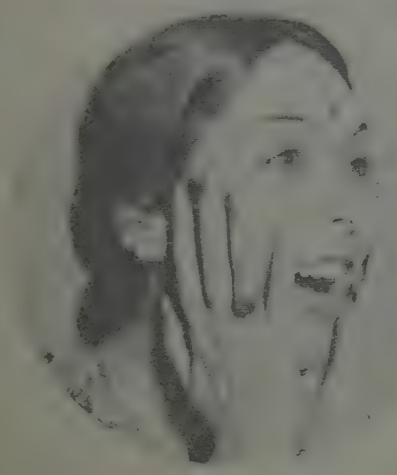

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The NAEP A Year Later

DESCRIBED AS THE BIGGEST LITERACY DRIVE IN THE WORLD, NAEP REQUIRES MUCH MORE CO-OPERATION FROM A COMMITTED PUBLIC AND FROM STATE GOVERNMENTS, TO REALISE ITS GREAT POTENTIAL

Jaya Ramanathan

More than a year ago the massive, centrally aided, (Rs. 200 crore) National Adult Education Programme (NAEP) was launched. Described as the biggest literacy drive in the world, the NAEP sought to reach out to 65 million illiterates in the age group 15 to 35 years within the next five years.

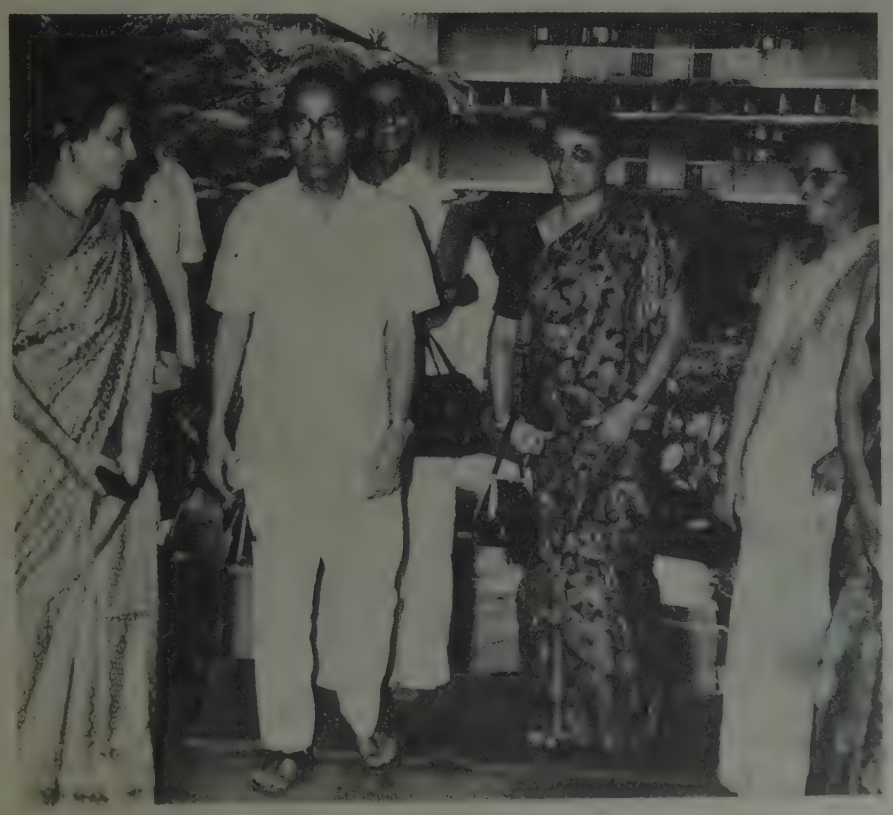
However, a critical survey of the programme's performance and achievements in its first year presented a bleak, dismal picture. Except for two states, Maharashtra and Rajasthan, which are forging ahead with the literacy drive, most of the other states are lagging behind shrouded in total indifference and apathy. According to a press report, Uttar Pradesh has made practically no provision for adult education in the current plan year. Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu and Punjab on the other hand, have considerably reduced their financial allocation on the plea that as the NAEP is a Central programme the entire funds for it should come from the Centre.

Kerala has said there is no need for such a scheme in the state since literacy has already taken root there and that the Central government should hand over the reserved funds to the state for "more meaningful and urgent projects." West Bengal alleges central bureaucratic interference and is therefore reluctant to implement the programme. Moreover, they feel the drive should be left in the hands of trade unions and political parties who, they feel, are closer to the people. The Centre on the other hand, while welcoming the participation of political parties and trade union organizations, are reluctant to entrust funds in their hands for fear of its misuse.

At the inception of the NAEP, it was decided that the work force for the drive will be recruited by tapping various sources like educational and voluntary institutions (students in their final years of school and college), educated village youth, partially employed and unemployed exservicemen and of course, social workers, all of whom would be given a short orientation course and nominal cash compensation. Here again the press report points out a serious snag in the drive—the meagre salary of Rs. 50 a month, hardly an incentive for the NAEP workers and instructors.

Maharashtra, by contrast, presents a far more promising picture on the NAEP front. All the major universities of the state have actively joined forces under the Union Grants Commisssion to cast the net far and wide to spread the gospel of adult education. The S.N.D.T. university which was one of the first to launch perhaps the most intensive NAEP drive with all its affiliated centres at Sangli, Pune, Baroda, Bhavnagar, Surat and Navsari, aimed to establish 130 educational units in rural and urban Maharashtra and Gujarat.

The Depatment of Continuing and Adult Education of the S.N.D.T. university which already had existing schemes for adult education has extended its activities to incorporate the NAEP. A new functional and creative approach was introduced, and their main thrust was at the illiterate women population — in other words towards 88 per cent of our female population.



S. N. D. T. University's Department of Continuing and Adult Education has extended its existing activities to incorporate the NAEP. Members of the staff are seen at the inauguration with Mr. S. S. Varde and Mrs. Tara Shastree, Director, Dept. of Continuing and Adult Education (above extreme right).

Since the NAEP directed its programme at the 15 to 35 age group, the NCERT under the UNESCO plan was to take charge of the nonformal education of the below 15 age group.

Mrs. Tara Shastree, Director of Continuing and Adult Education Department, S.N.D.T., explains; "Ours is a threefold inculcation drive—literacy, fuctionality and social awareness. Hitherto functionality and social awareness were two separate programmes but now all three have been sensibly clubbed together. We realised that literacy vis a vis the 3 R's, is only a small part of a woman's overall education; in fact, it is becoming increasingly evident as the NAEP gets implemented that the teaching of concepts of "functionality" (the role of a woman as wife, mother, member of the community, etc.) is gaining

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THE NAEP A YEAR LATER

precedence and that reading and writing are only an infinitesimal part of a woman's total education."

To begin with, certain slum areas in and around Greater Bombay were identified for NAEP implementation. For instance, the S.N.D.T. Arts and Commerce Department took up centres in lower Colaba, Chandan Wadi and Worli Chawls, while the department of Continuing and Adult Education started their unit in the Santa Cruz shanties. The teaching group comprised initially teachers and students of the university, and later the literate and semiliterate persons of the community were absorbed as instructors.

The main emphasis was on creating an awareness among the dwellers of the ways and means by which they could better their environment, look after their children (immunisation, health, family planning), the extension and improvement of their existing skills, consumer guidance, basics of finance and give them an insight into their rights, both legal and social.

It is the dread of this awareness or awakening of the masses that instigates people with vested interests — landlords, moneylenders and politicians — to thwart the implementation of the NAEP. The very idea of the poor illiterates becoming educated and organizing themselves into "awareness groups" (Chetna sanghs) and demanding their rights, is anathema to them. According to a director of a rural development society in Bihar, these vested interests have even demanded the immediate closure of the adult education centres.

The NAEP is unique in that it is the first of the programmes that does not seek cooperation of the masses through bribery, cupboard love or promises of a utopia to come. At first the NAEP workers found themselves welcomed with eager queries of "What have you to offer us?" The answer was simply, "A better life — provided you will help us to help you." The next demand was "Find us jobs." Again, no concrete promises were given. "We will help you to organize yourselves better if you have any skills, we will help you to improve them, ultimately we will better your chances of gaining employment."

The S.N.D.T. cell does not seem to have encountered the difficulties faced by other agencies, especially in the rural areas in trying to mobilise a working women's force among the masses. Most states have complained that most educated women of the rural areas (few as they are in number) are very reluctant to participate in the programme. A project officer of a voluntary agency in Udaipur complained that there were instances where the husbands and other relatives of educated women had threatened to throw them out of the house if they ventured out on teaching missions. The prevalent caste consciousness added to the problem, as very often the handful of educated women in villages belong to the higher castes and they feel it beneath their dignity to teach Harijans and Adivasis.

In urban Bombay the NAEP workers may have succeeded in convincing the masses of a "better life" through education as claimed by Mrs. Shastree but in most of the villages and education centres, the cry from the potential learners is invariably "Give us food, give us work" thus making it abundantly clear that the masses are unaware of the benefits of education.

Educationists of other states maintain that the only way this programme can succeed is to have it linked to other programmes which would improve the lot of the people it hopes to educate. Literacy on its own is not a sufficient gain, but if there is a programme, for example to teach a skill which would enable the learners to earn a living, with literacy thrown in as a bonus, then there is hope for the success of the programme.

In this, the NAEP workers of Bombay from the beginning have adopted a pragmatic approach. For instance, it was found at a centre off the Western Highway, that the women were making bead necklaces, crude and unattractive, their hands working away as they sat gossiping on their doorsteps. The Adult Education Cell organized these women into a group and got an instructor to teach them to improve on their craft. A sense of colour and finesse was imparted to them and it is now proposed to approach shop keepers to supply beads to these women and pay them on a contract basis.

Apart from developing a rapport with these women which is the first necessary step to facilitate any kind of interaction, as far as possible an attempt is made to find out and train instructors from among them. This not only makes identification easier but also aids the continuity of the programme. The audio-visual method of instruction is extensively used and notwithstanding the body of voluntary workers, the NAEP in Maharashtra has enlisted the help of allied agencies like mobile creches, food manufacturers pharmaceutical firms, departments of health and sanitation, et al, to come forward with all available literature and know-how to instruct the instructors to educate the illiterate.

A lack of follow up has always been the bane of all such ambitious programmes. Is this to be the ultimate fate of the NAEP as well?

"Maharashtra has always had adult education programmes since 1930, but it has always been only literacy, and mainly concentrated on the urban population. People were taught the 3 R's, on learning which, they expected jobs to fall into their laps, and when this did not happen they were disillusioned with education, and the programmes failed to achieve their purpose. Another drawback was that one experimental centre after another was set up with no rational follow up or review of the previous centres, with the result that after a while the literacy percentage achieved at these centres through the programme slowly dwindled back to the pre-programme stage. To avoid these mistakes we are trying to generate a work force from among the learners so that the process of education can be continuous." says Mrs. Shastree.

On the whole the educationists are sanguine of the ultimate success of the NAEP project, as one eminent education of Pune contended :

"Whether some people like it or not the NAEP has come to stay, and because of it, village India is today stirring from the sleep of centuries. There is a shortage of resources and there are many shortcomings in the programme, but they will be overcome shortly."

"The programme is sound — there is no doubt about it. With proper participation and cooperation of the people and above all a sense of commitment on the part of the public, there is no reason why the NAEP should not achieve its targets," summed up Mrs. Tara Shastree.

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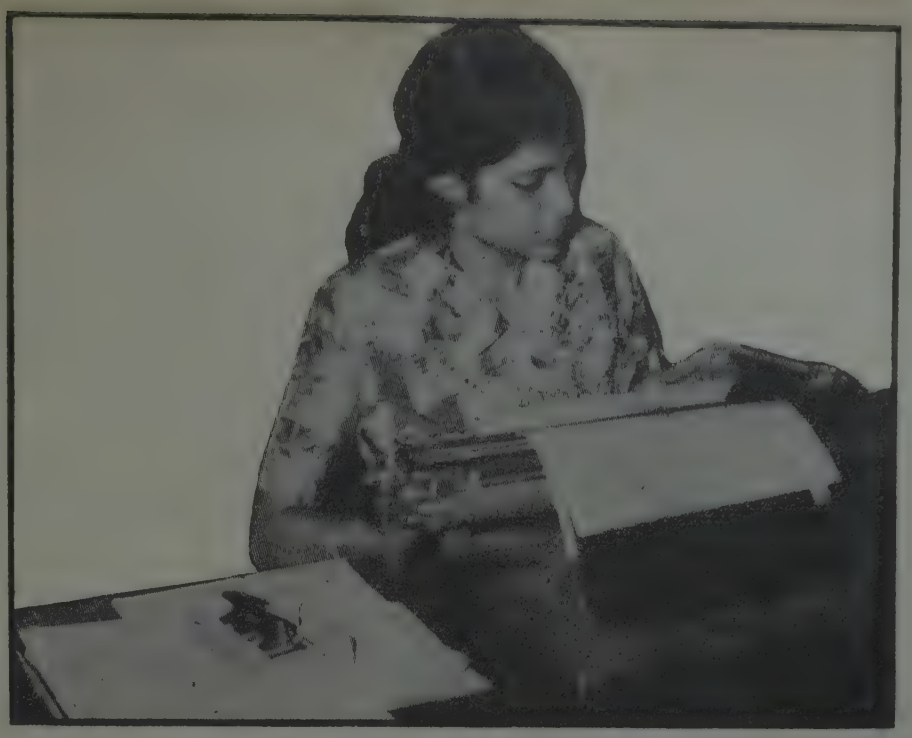
They occupy an undefined, nebulous position in the organisational hierarchy, and they need to unite to protect their rights and interests says
RHONA M. NORONHA



CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES:
A NEED TO ORGANISE

The confidential secretary is very much a part of the office set-up today, and projects the image of a pleasing, well-balanced, meticulous person. Apart from taking down and transcribing notes, and maintaining confidential files, she has to act as a sentinel for the management and a buffer between managers and the rest of the staff. However, she may also be requested to make and serve tea at board meetings and assist her boss in many of his personal and family affairs. Adaptability is the key to success in this very demanding profession. The question I would like to probe, however, is how confident is a confidential secretary in her position today?

The fact that major newspapers advertise a number of senior posts of confidential secretaries to top management of well established concerns is indicative of a high turnover in these positions. When a senior executive leaves because of faction fights within management, his loyal confidential secretary is not tolerated by the rival who has prevailed.

In an incident brought to my notice, a secretary was demoted to the office typing pool and when she refused, her services were suspended. Sometimes it could be outright authoritarianism. In one case, a senior confidential secretary in a confirmed appointment was given two days' notice to stay after office hours. Since she already had an important prior appointment for that day she politely refused, but adjusted her work so as to complete the required assignment within office hours. After the assignment was completed in time she was asked to resign for refusing to stay late when asked to do so! A manager's sister took her place. In another incident, I'm informed, a comparatively junior girl was trained and appointed secretary to the M.D.

I am sure such instances can be multiplied and one wonders whether such examples are the exception or the rule. Once a top executive, sensing that his secretary would be left in the lurch after he took up another job, arranged for his secretary's transfer, too.

It would only be just to point out that in a fairly representative survey conducted by Lalogue Postvala ("The Secretary", Eve's Weekly of Oct. 6 — 12, 1979), 58 per cent of confidential secretaries interviewed admitted to having built up good relations in their place of work. However, as many as 42 per cent found no job satisfaction or were indifferent to their jobs.

In a factual manner the Postvala article brings out that while secretarial service can only be considered a "poor cousin" of other professions ("fit only to transcribe others' decisions on paper"); there are advantages: the basic skills are quickly acquired and it has good employment potential even in these days of difficult job opportunities. While secretarial jobs suit the needs of some men who have to earn while they learn and move into higher skills (and quite a few of those occupying senior managerial positions today have availed of such opportunities for advancement), the profession is best suited to us urban, middle class women.

There is normally a span of about five years after college and secretarial training when we gain experience first as stenographers and then as secretaries. About this time most of us also settle down in marriage with the added responsibility of setting up and running a home. Most of us continue working after marriage to have a decent roof over our heads and give our children a suitable education with the basic comforts of life.

It is usually when we are saddled with the heavy responsibility of having to run a home and possibly care for a young child or two, that we find ourselves promoted to the confidential secretarial cadre because of our experience and seniority. This is a very vulnerable phase in our lives. The continuing necessity to hold a job, the unreliable type of domestic help available, increasing domestic responsibilities to cope with, helping our growing children with their school activities — all these factors weigh heavily on us and have a bearing on our work performance.

In the office, we are expected to project the "Sita image" — "A woman has always to hold a man's happiness above her own life." As confidential secretaries, management does not tolerate us joining unions for the protection of our rights and interests. At times some of us are to blame. By being willing to stoop beyond the reasonable call of duty for quick personal gains, we set unhealthy precedents for others. But then our duties as confidential secretaries are never clearly defined. The framework of insecurity in which we work could invite unscrupulous elements to take advantage of our very vulnerable position.

Working journalists, medical representatives and other professional groups have organised themselves and, being united, they have derived substantial benefits by way of standardizing their working norms, job security, increased allowances, etc. Perhaps we confidential secretaries (especially working mothers) should unite to try to improve our present working conditions.

The National Institute of Personal Secretaries (NIPS), while serving its purpose of arranging training courses for us, as a matter of policy does not intervene in matters pertaining to any labour relation problems that may arise between secretaries and management. We should also have a separate registered organisation independent of the managerial set-up under which we work, through which we could try to have our working conditions more uniformly and clearly defined, collect information and advice on the suitability of various secretarial job openings, lobby for suitable legislation giving us statutory protection, impart leadership training, provide timely legal advice to those unnecessarily subjected to harassment by unscrupulous executives, avail of the protection of labour laws when unfairly victimized. Organising creches and domestic aid cells at convenient localities can also be of great help.

In Western countries, women who start as secretaries are now increasingly insisting on opportunities to learn managerial skills so that they can advance in their careers, which is now the privilege of men in our country.

Enlightened management should welcome such a move because this would not only boost the morale of their secretaries but would also encourage them to work harder and acquire better knowledge of the working of the firm.

It is high time we start: first we have to discuss our problems and special needs and accordingly formulate our objectives. Once this aspect is settled, I am informed that it would not be a problem to organize ourselves into a recognized body. Legal guidance is plentiful. But the crucial factor is to find a core of dedicated people and the massive support of all of us who would surely stand to benefit by uniting.

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IN THE FACE OF HANDICAPS

Bombay-based Raksha Mody is adept at making children's clothes and knick knacks from scraps of material. Though physically handicapped — she was born deaf and dumb — this does not deter her from giving expression to her creative urge. Raksha's mother has been a source of inspiration to her — she encouraged her to learn some skill which will help her in life. Well versed in hand-embroidery, she passed on her skill to her daughter.

Turning to her sister, Raksha made some sounds and

gestures which the sister interpreted as "I like to keep myself occupied. Besides, creating these items gives me a sense of satisfaction too. I now want to take it up as a business."

We have displayed a few of Raksha's items — colourful garments for children, attractive wall-decoration in butterfly motif, booties, cases for spectacles/combs, hand-painted greeting cards and so on. She has had three exhibitions of her work in Bombay.

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"It is the Cinderella story that keeps repeating itself. The boy meets the girl — there are preliminary heartbreaks and misunderstandings — suddenly the clouds lift and ecstacy takes over — they marry and live happily ever after. The hero is invariably rich, coming to the rescue of the rags-princess," said Mr. Paul Scherer, Managing Director of Mills & Boon, who is on a visit to India with his charming wife Mary Scherer.

The happy ending is synonymous with the brand name of

M & B. These books which are "high" on escapist fare and relaxation reading, are a source of joy to millions of women readers of all ages — starting from 12 onwards. This British publishing house produces 130 to 140 million books a year comprising 300 or more titles. Their market research shows that women of all ages and of varied educational and economic backgrounds read M&B.

"Do your readers read anything else besides M&B?"

"Well, if you love to read you will read anything — heavy or light. Even the highly educated ones must relax sometimes. You may love jam tarts but you cannot eat them all the time," said Mary Scherer.

Paul Scherer said that it was not the bored socialite who formed the backbone of their readership. Many busy working women and equally busy housewives are ardent fans of M&B.

"Has the plot changed a little over the years?"

"Yes, an M&B of today is quite different from an M&B ten years ago, but our heroes and heroines conform to a conventional pattern. We do not encourage sex before marriage, although some of our authors do cheat on us," he said with a twinkle.

What surprises the M&B publishers is the great surge in their readership in the 70's which was definitely a decade of militant feminism. Their largest market is the United States. India is amongst the first six or seven countries. Paul Scherer said they were trying to build up their Indian readership with the help of large scale advertising and through women's magazines, etc. They are also exploring the possibilities of a Hindi edition. Already M&B are published in 24 different languages. Mr. Scherer works with an editorial staff of six and they have 150 authors on contract. There are always about 2,000 manuscripts on his desk, to be sorted out.

"Any Indian stories?"

"We have published three cookery books, one by Mrs. Balbir Singh and two by Meera Taneja, which are selling very well. We are now bringing out a romantic fiction by Vinita Butt of Calcutta titled 'No Need To Hide'. We would love more Indian writers to send us stories with an authentic Indian background to familiarise our readers with your beautiful country and your traditions and culture."

Besides paperbacks, Mills & Boon bring out 14 hard cover library editions every month, two Doctor and Nurse series, two masquerades, two mystiques. Another branch deals with books on Education, Cookery and Homecraft. When a book becomes a runaway hit and there are requests from readers to publish it again and again, it is brought out as an M&B classic. According to Mr. Scherer, Mills & Boon is the largest selling brand name in the country — may be the world.

Maybe in time to come, M&B will change their story style, but at the moment they are keeping their large and eager readership happy, living up to their House slogan, "Paperbacks that Please."

Pushpa Hans

NITA BARROW

MEDICAL CARE, A PRIORITY

Nita Barrow's main interest in life is the health of people in a community. President of the World Y.W.C.A. and Director of the Christian Medical Commission, established by the world Council of Churches in 1968 with its headquarters in Geneva, she was in India recently to study and evaluate the work being done at Vellore by various Christian institutions in the field of medical care.

"The medical needs of people differ from place to place. All over the world, even in the most developed countries, health care is not available to every one at the same level. But each country has to solve its own problems by taking into account its resources and manpower. We at the commission, do not believe in imposing our ideas on any country, but we like to share our knowledge and expertise wherever it is necessary. We often visit the other countries to find out what work the commission in each country is doing to help the people, what are their needs and how they can be met.

"I was in Nepal before I came to India and I found that people there have a lot of inhibitions. Most of the people who live in villages do not want to come to the cities and see the doctors. I think in such cases medical care should reach the people where they are, and even when they come to the cities, medical practitioners at health centres should respect the views of their patients," she said.

A widely travelled woman and a nurse by profession, Nita Barrow has carried a number of different responsibilities at different times. She comes from Barbados and was Chief Nursing Officer in Jamaica. From 1963 to 1972, she was on the staff of the World Health Organisation doing research in nursing education and the improvement of schools of nursing in the Caribbean area. Deeply involved in the work being done by the Y.W.C.A. all over the world, she has chaired several world Y.W.C.A. meetings, including the conference on 'Work with Youth' in North America and the Caribbean in 1965, the Study Group on the role of Youth organisations in National and World Development, New York in 1969 and the world Y.W.C.A. consultation on health education in Canada in 1973. She was elected the President of World Y.W.C.A. by 80 countries in Canada in 1975 and the same countries re-elected her in Athens in 1979 for the next 4 years.

According to Miss Barrow even in the advanced countries, the total needs of women and girls

for development have not received priority so far. "How many women are there in real leadership positions in politics or in other fields? How many of them are to be found in positions of influence?" she asked. "Very few, and any organisation that takes those priorities into account, which prepares women for leadership roles at all levels in society, is doing very important work.

A very humane person, she has a way of getting really close to people. She likes to share their problems and hates to impose her views on others. This is one reason she is so popular with everyone and is successfully able to share her knowledge and ideas with others.

Jyotsana Kapoor

even you're in Grandma!

by Don Tobin

GET DOWN FROM THERE BEFORE YOU BREAK YOUR NECK!!
ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD TRUST HIS NECK TO A RICKETY LADDER LIKE THIS!
YOU KNOW THIS THING'S NOT SAFE!
WELL - WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!
IT'S SO OLD IT'S FALLING APART!
MRS. DRIGGS JUST HIT MR. DRIGGS ON THE HEAD WITH A WET MOP!
WHAT? WHERE? SHOW ME!!
8-19

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PART TWO

THE POSSESSED

Nomita Grover

Sinha sat at his desk sipping slowly another glass of whisky. He pondered how best he could handle Chitra. As darkness slowly set in, he brooded over a scheme to avenge his humiliation. His superiors had always stood by him. True, a couple of times he had been hauled over the coals, but he had always been left off lightly.

Minutes ticked by. The few drinks he had swallowed calmed his nerves and he felt more cheerful. He got up from his chair and looked at his watch — past eight-thirty in the evening, he noted. Walking out of his cabin to the prison he met the two constables who had earlier brought in Chitra for interrogation. He motioned to them to follow him. The three of them trooped down the semi-lit corridors of the prison to the interrogation chamber there.

Sinha switched on the light. "Bring her in!" he ordered the two constables. They grinned from cheek to cheek, nodded and left promptly.

Sinha turned towards one of the walls and pushed a hidden button behind one of the cupboards; a sliding door smoothly glided to one side. He flicked another switch on the interior wall. A dim light came on and revealed a short flight of stairs leading to an underground cell. It had no windows. There was just one long, low table in the centre and a small file-cabinet in a corner. Very few even among the police were aware of the existence of such an underground cell and even fewer knew of its use. The room was even sound-proof!

The two constables soon returned with Chitra. "Throw her in there!" he ordered. The two dragged the young woman down to the dimly lit cell and threw her on the low table. Sinha followed them inside, and shut the sliding door behind him. He looked at his watch again. It was past nine at night, and in about an hour or so his job would be done, he told himself. His headache bothered him, may be he had had too much to drink. He steadied himself before he signalled again to the two men in khakhi. In a moment they tore away all Chitra's clothes. She sat on the low table, naked and trembling, staring at him, not even able to protest, but her eyes burning like coal, spitting hatred; The constables pushed her roughly flat on the table.

Sinha lit a cigarette and puffed out a couple of smoke rings. Then with the lighted cigarette in hand he walked towards the woman, surveyed her for a moment. She had a mole on her left cheek. Sinha applied the burning tip of his cigarette to the spot. The mole turned even darker and the lighter skin around it slowly darkened.

Not a single sound escaped Chitra's lips; she was biting her lip so hard a few drops of blood trickled down. Too bad, Sinha thought, her screaming would have added spice to the drama! Though pressed down under two pairs of muscular arms she was struggling hard! He pressed the lighted cigarette on her breasts, one after the other, then slowly proceeded downwards systematically. Then he paused.

"Wait!" he told his helpers. "While she is still in good shape let's make some use of her!" Then the three men systematically gang raped her.

After they were done and dressed again, Sinha opened the file cabinet. He picked out several instruments of different sizes and shapes.

It was well past twelve-thirty at night when the three men stealthly moved out under cover of darkness dragging the senseless body of the young woman. They slipped silently towards the back of the building to where Sinha's car was parked. Dumping the body of the woman inside the car's dicky, Sinha took the wheel while the two constables jumped into the back seat. He drove to the river, drove up the bridge, stopped the car, and the silence of the night was broken briefly by one single "plop!" The car sped back towards the town. It was nearly two in the morning when he stumbled into his home.

On the following day the prisoner in cell no. 15 was reported to have escaped. Sinha reported for work at the usual time. To his colleagues he didn't look too well. Upon enquiry they were informed about "just another night of little sleep!" He went home early. For Geeta it was a happy occasion to see her husband home so early. She rushed towards him for an affectionate welcome. Sinha took her in his arms and pressed his lips on her cheek — and froze! He retreated, his startled eyes fixed on Geeta's cheek.

"What's that?" he asked in a panicky voice. "I never noticed it before!"

"What's what?" she asked perplexed.

"That mole on your cheek!"

"My cheek?" Geeta placed her fingers on both her cheeks.

"On your left cheek!"

"I don't have a mole on my left cheek!' she exclaimed.

"Don't try to trick me!"

"You must be crazy!"

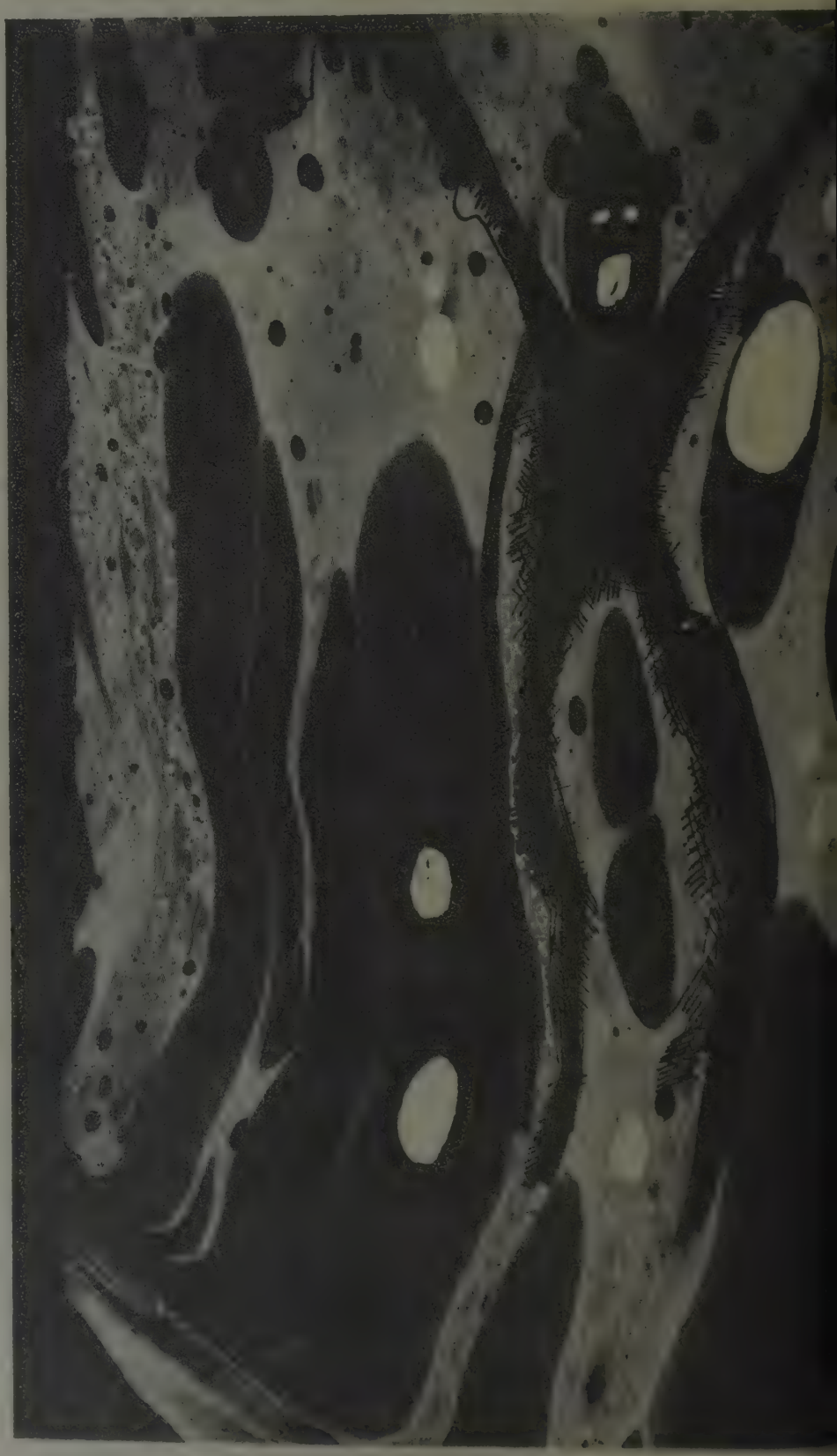
Sinha dragged her to the bedroom and placed her in front of her large mirror.

"Look at that, on your left cheek!"

"You must be just seeing things!"

He stared at the mirror in disbelief. Was it his wife in the reflection? Why was her hair in such a mess? And why was she dressed in such a cheap cotton sari? And that grimace on her face! That burnt patch! He turned her around roughly and started shaking her shoulders.

"Leave me alone!" Geeta screamed, "You've gone crazy!"

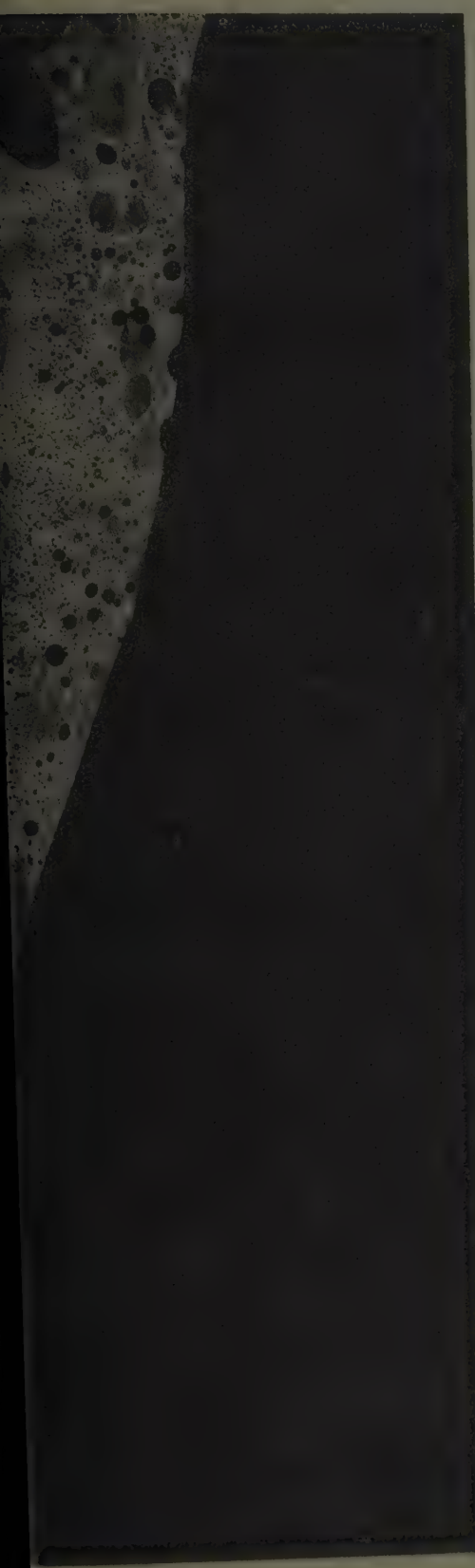


He gave her a push and ran out of the room. Geeta stood stunned, she had always been so proud of her affectionate husband, he had never been angry with her before. She sat on the low stool to calm herself. A little later she went back to the kitchen to get dinner ready. The rest of the evening passed in silence.

For some time life went on -- not peacefully, but without any incident.

• • •

It was a hot humid night. Geeta changed into a light thin night gown and went to bed. She left the night-light on. She had her back turned towards her husband when she heard him enter, change into his night clothes and come to the bed beside hers. Geeta felt his hands on her shoulder. Must be coming back to normal, she thought happily. She turned round and he continued caressing her in silence, but only for a while.



THE NIGHTMARE KEPT COMING BACK TO HIM NIGHT AFTER NIGHT. HE WOKE UP EVERY TIME FEELING CRUSHED DOWN OR CHOKED BY A STRANGE SICKENING ODOUR OF BURNT FLESH

She sensed something was wrong with him as his hands tensed over her; she looked up at him. He was staring at her through the thin night-gown.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked in alarm.

Was he out of his mind?, Was it some hallucination or was he possessed by some evil spirit? he asked himself. Her soft smooth skin was slowly charring at places, it wrinkled and cracked. He screamed in a hoarse voice, got up hurriedly from the bed and rushed towards the bathroom. Geeta heard him reaching into the wash-basin. A little later he emerged from the bathroom looking like a ghost, like one possessed!

"Are you sick, honey?" Geeta asked, concerned. He lay down on his bed as Geeta sat beside him, comforting him.

She must have dozed off for a few moments when she was woken up by a loud, hysterical scream from her husband.

"What's the matter with you, honey. . . wake up!' She was shaking him furiously to wake him up, to bring him to his senses. "Wake up, wake up!"

"The hand. . . it's suffocating me!"

"What hand?"

"It's trying to kill me!'

"What hand?"

"That one; It's getting larger and larger. It has trapped me entirely. . . like a mouse in a trap . . . Take it away. . it's going to kill me!"

He was pushing back at something.

Geeta switched on the light. "Look, honey, there's nothing here! You must've had a nightmare. . . get up, splash water on your face, it will wake you up!"

She dragged him to the bathroom, opened the water faucet and splashed his face with water. It drenched his hair, his head, his face and his clothes as he stood erect letting the water run down over his night clothes. There was a strange, dazed expression on his face. Very gently Geeta patted him dry with a towel and helped him change into a fresh set of clothes.

It soothed him somewhat. He returned to his bed, but couldn't sleep that night, or the next night, or the next. The nightmares kept coming back to him now night after night; he woke up every night feeling crushed down, or choked by a strange sickening odour of burnt flesh.

"Am I possessed?" he asked himself at times. At one time he had possessed Chitra, was her spirit now coming back to possess him?

Things gradually worsened over the next few weeks. Sinha couldn't be at peace whether asleep or awake. Something kept sickening him day and night. One night he was woken up again by something. It was the "hand;" it was ugly, the flesh burnt at places. The smell made him sick. He grabbed it and squeezed. . .

Geeta's scream woke up her two boys sleeping in the adjoining room. They ran into their parents' bedroom and switched on the light. They stood in horror as they watched their Papa trying to strangulate their Mummy, but only for a moment. The next minute, the two jumped on their Papa, hammering him with their little fists. Geeta managed to loosen herself free and fled to the adjoining room along with her two boys. She locked herself from inside. In the morning she packed and left her husband's home with the two silent boys following her.

Thereafter Sinha lived all by himself. A servant cooked and washed for him and left him to himself by seven in the evening. Sinha spent most of his time at home sitting in the front balcony till late at night. Sleep for him was out of the question. Most mornings the neighbours found him dozing in a cane chair on the front lawn. The empty house scared him. He was drinking heavily. One night Sinha went indoors to pour out a drink for himself. He poured the whisky, opened the fridge took out an icetray, carefully loosened an ice cube and dropped it in his glass.

"Plop!" it sounded.

Sinha shrank. . . was it another hallucination? Or a fragment of his imagination? Since that night he had always placed an ice cube first in his glass, then poured the drink over it. The noise of the falling ice cube into the liquor unnerved him. With the glass in his hand he walked out to the front balcony. Suddenly there was a "plop!" some distance away. He placed his glass on a table and rushed out into the dark; not a soul was in sight. He wandered aimlessly for a while, then headed homewards.

"Plop!"

It was louder this time. Sinha turned around with a jerk; no one around. Was someone playing a trick on him?

"Plop!"

With a wild cry, Sinha ran out into the darkness and headed for the river. Pretty soon he was standing on the bridge, panting for breath. He bent over to look into the river. It rippled in silence. It flowed, and flowed, and flowed, then stopped abruptly; Sinha's eyes almost popped out. There, down below on the silent surface of water lay the battered body of a young woman, the lips twisted in agony. She just threw her head from side to side as if in excruciating pain! She stopped all of a sudden and stared at him, eyes spitting venom! She flung one of her arms upwards and tried to reach him. It got closer and closer to him. . .

"I'm going to kill you!" Sinha yelled, "kill you before you reach me!"

Then with one mad surge forward he leaped into the river leaving a cluster of bubbles above him. The river continued to flow silently and the night wore on towards another dawn.

Concluded

PRETTY IN PRINTS

Dinoo Vacha

THREE LOVELY LITTLE DRESSES FOR YOUR SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRLS

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT :

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

SHEREEN MILLER

REVIVING AN OLD ART FORM

Shereen Miller's exhibition at the Jehangir Art Gallery was entitled "Anamorphic Art in the 20th Century", which is the kind of title that makes you hold your head and groan at the prospect of seeing yet another pretentious fad — or "experimental art form", depending on how you view it. But Mrs. Miller's anamorphic art turned out to be very interesting, and certainly novel.

Anamorphic painting was a technique introduced by that prolific 14th century inventor and painter Leonardo da Vinci. The word 'anamorphosis' is of Greek origin, and means, roughly, forming something anew. The exhibition brochure explained it thus: "It is an illusory art form where the image is scientifically dissimulated to create an abstract illusion, often beyond recognition. From this a realistic composition springs onto a mirrored cylinder."

What you actually see is a painting lying horizontally on a table. The painting has no sharply delineated image, it just appears as a mixture of colours and lines. At one point on the surface of the painting, roughly the centre, a cylinder of (in this case) highly polished foil, about eight inches high and two inches in diameter, is placed. If you look at the cylinder you will find reflected on its highly polished surface, a perfectly proportioned image of the distorted painting. It's like seeing a very clever trick performed and you can only marvel. But it is not, of course, a trick. It is a lot of painstaking work and a perfection of technique.

Shereen got the idea of trying out this old technique when she saw an exhibition of anamorphic art at the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. For the first time, all the known existing specimens of this art form were collected together (about 50 in number) and displayed, and people flocked to see it. Shereen was fascinated and decided to go into anamorphic art in greater detail. But there are very few books written on this subject — only two in English. "I started out with no technical background material but this very fact I found a challenge and I decided to research the subject," she said. Initially it was trial and error but gradually she grasped the technique. "At first I started by just portraying a head, then I progressed to the full figure and then to two figures."

First she draws the finished proportioned figure, which is academically correct. "Then I distort it in a scientific manner on the canvas that you see. Sometimes I'm not satisfied with the painting. I find it neither aesthetic nor appealing so I scrap it and start over again. But now I know what parts should be distorted."

However, she emphasised that what she aimed at was making even the distorted painting aesthetically pleasing. "Most early anamorphic art was grotesque in itself when not reflected in the cylinder but I didn't want that." Her paintings can consequently be hung on a wall as many of them were at the

exhibition, and had aesthetic appeal in themselves.

"Many people who are ignorant of this art form call the painting-cylinder a gimmick, but they don't really bother to study it closely," says Shereen earnestly. "I use design, form and colour in such a way as to serve a dual purpose, with and without the cylinder."

Shereen also does straight non-anamorphic painting but she says she is groping for a synthesis of the two.

The figures in her painting were all female. "I find the female form aesthetically and spiritually stimulating. I love being a woman and I understand the female human form best, and you paint best what you understand best," she explained.

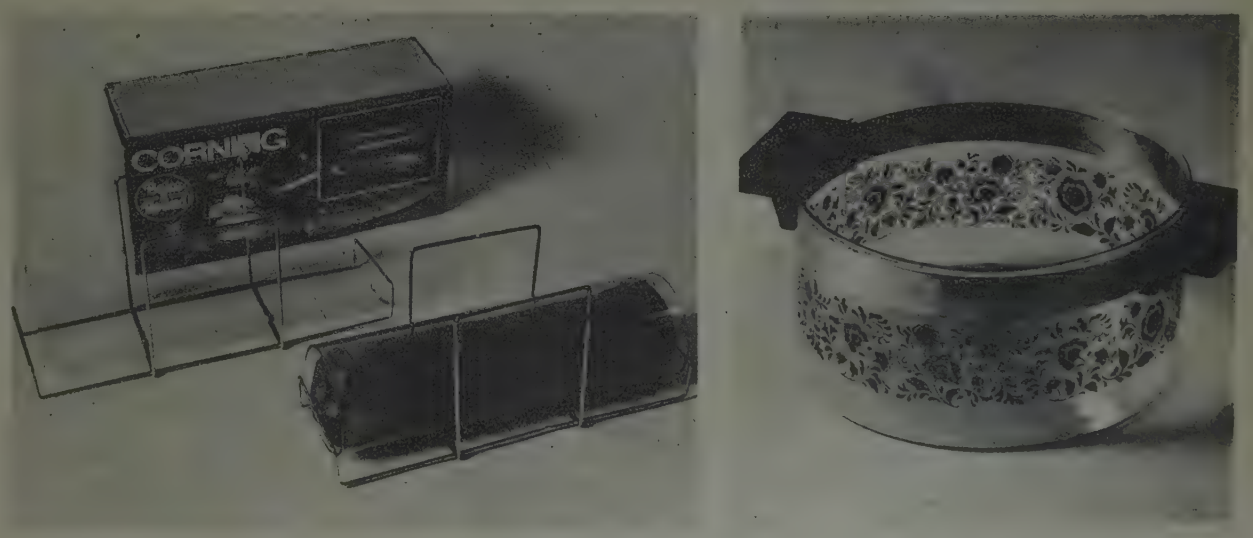
Shereen was born in Bangalore. She had no formal academic training in art but she taught it to children in high school and then studied under Dey a renowned artist. She went to Kuwait later as an art teacher. She has travelled extensively and studied art in Paris. In 1972 she married Paul Miller, an American oil executive, and till recently their home has been in Kuwait where she has exhibited frequently and been warmly appreciated.

She has exhibited all over the world — at the Womanart Galleries in New York, the Woodstock Gallery in London, in Paris, Basel, Monte Carlo and Kuwait. She also carves, mainly in teak wood that has a glossy finish. She introduced anamorphic art to the Middle East just as she has introduced it to India, where she is exhibiting for the first time, and is thrilled at the response she is getting. Her work is represented in India by the Shereen Mahal Gallery, Bangalore.

S. G.

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.



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Premila Lal

Photograph : Tayeb Badshah

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2 kg chicken, cut into pieces
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Dash of paprika
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2 tbsps. bacon fat
2 large onions, sliced in rings
2 cups grapes
1 tbsp. flour
1½ cups beer
1 bay leaf
2 tbsps. lemon rind, grated

Rub the salt, paprika and pepper well into the chicken pieces. Melt the bacon fat in a large heavy frying pan and fry the onion rings until they are soft but not brown. Add the grapes and continue to fry. Remove the onions and grapes in a greased casserole and place the chicken pieces on top. In the remaining fat blend one tablespoon flour and slowly add the beer over a medium heat, stirring constantly. Add bay leaf and grated rind, cook until the mixture thickens and pour over the chicken. Cover and cook in a 350° oven for one hour until the chicken is tender. Serve from the casserole.

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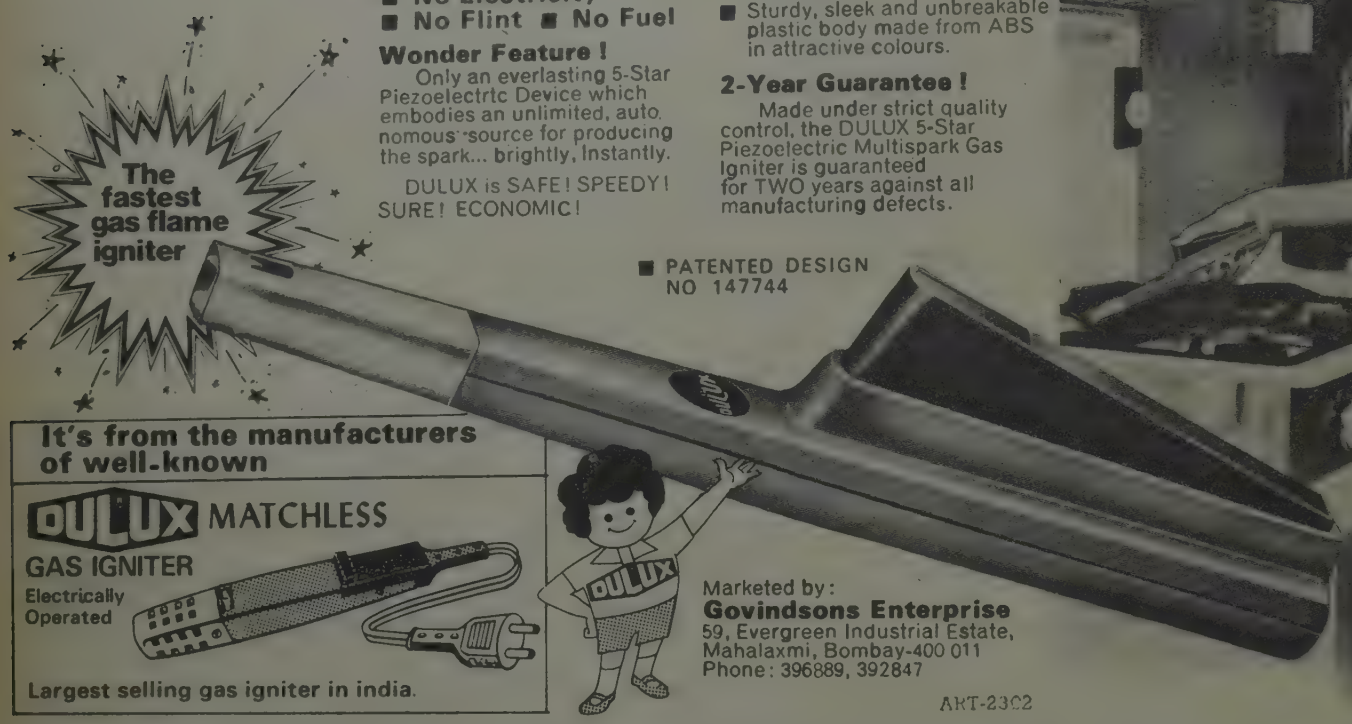

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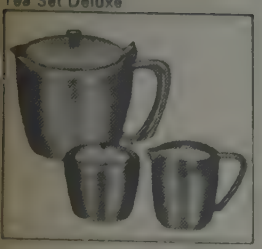
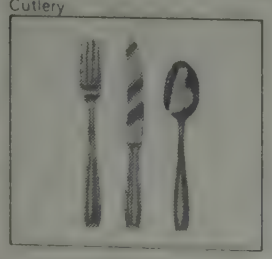
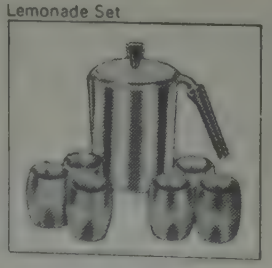
Tea Set Deluxe



Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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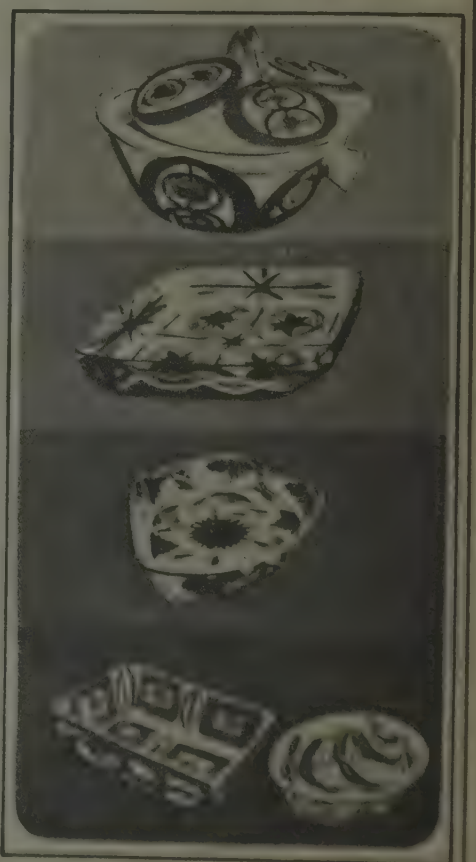
domit ☐VENWARE

BAKING DISHES ARE A BOON TO THE MODERN HOUSE WIFE. TIME SAVING, HYGIENIC, EASY TO CLEAN, AND AN ORNAMENT TO THE MODERN KITCHEN. DIFFERENT SIZES ARE AVAILABLE TO SUIT EVERY BODY'S PURSE.



Rajaniklal

32, Park Mansions,
Park Street, Calcutta-16.
Phone : 24-8253

maa

TRIFLE

6 small sponge cakes
6 macaroons, crumbled
1 wineglass sherry or any other wine
Apricot jam
1 cup black grapes, halved
12 almonds, blanched and halved
Angelica
2 eggs
2 tbsps. sugar
2½ cups milk

Cut the sponge cake in half and spread with jam. Replace halves and place the cakes in a deep serving dish. Sprinkle the crumbled macaroons evenly over them. Pour the wine and leave to soak. Beat the eggs with the sugar well. Scald but do not boil the milk and gradually pour over the eggs. Put in a double boiler and cook over hot water until it becomes a thick custard. Remove and cool. Pour custard over the cakes. Garnish with grapes, angelica and almonds.

SAUERKRAUT WITH GRAPES

1 medium sauerkraut (pickled cabbage)
1 cup grapes
1 medium onion
½ cup light vinegar
½ cup sugar
2 cloves
8 peppercorns
Small cinnamon stick
2 tbsps. butter or fat
Juice of half lemon
2 tbsps. flour
Salt to taste

Slice the cabbage. Halve the grapes. Slice onion and saute in fat together with grapes for a few minutes Add little water, vinegar, sugar, cloves, cinnamon, pepper, lemon juice and salt. Bring to a boil and add cabbage, cover and cook till tender. Add flour just before serving to absorb liquid.

HAM, GRAPE AND CABBAGE SLAW

450 grams ham
1 firm cabbage head
1 cup grapes
2 green chillis
1 bunch spring onions
125 grams curds
2 tbsps. mayonnaise
3 tbsps. cheese, grated
1 tbsp. light vinegar
Salt to taste

Put curds, mayonnaise, cheese, finelly chopped green chillis, onion, salt and vinegar in a bowl. Blend thoroughly and chill for four to eight hours. Shred the cabbage and slice the ham into thin strips. Peel and halve grapes. Put the chopped ingredients in a salad bowl and pour over the chilled dressing.

GRAPE PIE

2½ cups fresh seedless grapes
¾ cup orange juice
¼ cup orange juice
½ tsp. nutmeg
A pinch cinnamon powder
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
½ cup thick cream, whipped
1 baked pie shell

Wash the grapes and put into a pan with half cup of orange juice and simmer until tender. Add the lemon juice with the sugar and continue to simmer. Blend the constarch with the remaining orange juice and add. Sprinkle the nutmeg and cinnamon and stir constantly until thick. Cool thoroughly and pour into the baked pastry shell. Serve cool with a topping of whipped cream.

MIXED RICE AND GRAPE SALAD

1 cup seedless grapes
1 cup rice, cooked
1 cup mayonnaise
1 tbsp. capsicum, finely chopped
1 tbsp. celery, finely sliced
¾ cup cheese, grated
1 cup ham, shredded
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, finely chopped

Mix all the above ingredients together except the cheese. Chill. Toss in half of the cheese and sprinkle top with the remaining cheese before serving.

PORK WITH GRAPES AND CABBAGE

1 cup grapes
1 firm cabbage
250 grams lean pork
1 cup soya sauce
1 tbsp. light vinegar or wine
1 bunch spring onions
½ cup oil

Cut the pork meat into one inch strips. Shred onions and cabbage. Marinate the pork in half the soya sauce and the vinegar for five minutes. Heat oil. Add pork and onions and fry till the pork changes colour. Add cabbage, grapes and the remaining soya sauce. Cook, stirring occasionally till cabbage is tender. Serve immediately.

SADDLE OF HARE WITH GRAPES

1 saddle of hare, hung for 6 days
2 onions, sliced
2 carrots, sliced
A few rashers bacon
3 cloves garlic, chopped
1 tbsp. brandy
2 glasses sherry
1 cup stock
2 tbsps. cream
2 tbsps. butter
250 grams seedless grapes
Salt to taste

Trim saddle and place in a glass bowl. Cover with vegetables, garlic, brandy and sherry. Leave to marinade overnight. Remove saddle. Remove the vegetables and put into a casserole. Place the saddle on top and cover with rashers of bacon. Cook in a moderate oven for half an hour then pour the liquid from the marinade over it. Continue to cook covered, for a further half hour or until tender. Baste occasionally. Remove saddle and keep hot. Pour the stock into the casserole and boil on an open flame. Reduce flame and add cream. Stir in the butter. Add grapes and heat carefully without allowing it to boil. Place the saddle onto a serving dish, surrounded with grapes and spoon over the rest of the vegetables and sauce. Serve hot.

GRAPE AND ONION BAKE

250 grams grapes
6 onions
3 tomatoes, sliced
2 green chillis, finely chopped
2 tbsps. coriander leaves
½ cup breadcrumbs
1 cup vegetable stock
Salt to taste

Halve the grapes. Remove seeds. Slice the onions thickly. Put the tomato slices in a frying pan and fry on both sides.

Drain the excess tomato liquid in a cup and toss the breadcrumbs in the pan to brown lightly. Grease a baking dish and arrange the onion, halved grapes and tomato slices in alternate layers. Put the green chillis and coriander into the stock. Season as desired. Pour over the layered dish and cover top with breadcrumbs. Place in a moderate oven and cook, covered, for about thirty minutes. Uncover and cook for fifteen minutes.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from **TRU PTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from **CORN PRODUCTS** containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from **P. MITTULAUL LALAH & SONS,** Madras.

So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

CHRYSAL

Wonderful that anything so useful can look so good!

A touch of glamour. A look of class. In a choice of sets and designs to suit your taste.

Chrysal is the name for beauty and utility in your home. We call it beautility ware. And it comes in a choice of combinations—you can proudly own one or more sets and keep building up your collection. Because once you own a set, you'll want to buy more.

Chrysal is styled with several coats of decorative inks to keep it looking good as new for years.

Chrysal is made from material specially selected for optimum thickness and temper so that each container, from the smallest to the largest, is built stronger to last longer.

Chrysal containers come in sizes to suit your needs : 1 kg, 2 kg, 5 kg, and 10 kg. In addition, there are smart little spice cans, plus an attractive refreshment tray and cork-backed table mats to match.

Chrysal sets come complete with matching shelf-stickers and self-adhesive labels for your containers.

Chrysal is white-coated inside and topped with many layers of FDA approved, scratch-resistant lacquer so that it stays rustproof—and your food stays fresh.

Chrysal offers you "full satisfaction or your money back"—that's how sure we are of its performance in your home.

Chrysal beautility for your home from Metal Box.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Krishna, Bombay.

TRI-COLOUR THALI CAKE

FOR THE FILLING :

½ kg semolina
250 grams butter
6 eggs, separated
½ kg pineapple
250 grams sugar
125 grams unsweetened khoya
Yellow colour
Pineapple essence
50 grams raisins
350 grams strawberry jam
125 grams unsweetened khoya
50 grams cashewnuts
Red colour
Strawberry essence
1 coconut
250 grams sugar
125 grams khoya
50 grams pistachios
Green colour
Vanilla essense

FOR THE SHELL :

½ kg flour
2 eggs
250 grams castor sugar
250 grams butter

FOR THE FILLING :

Grate the pineapple and cook over low fire with sugar till thick. Add mashed, unsweetened khoya and raisins. Continue stirring and cook till thick. Add yellow colouring and pineapple essence. Remove and keep aside.

On slow fire stir the strawberry jam and when it begins to melt add unsweetened khoya and broken cashewnut pieces. Stir on slow fire till well blended and thick. Add a drop of strawberry essense and red colour. Stir well. Remove and keep aside.

Scrape the coconut. On a slow fire cook the scraped coconut and sugar till sticky mass is obtained. Add mashed khoya and pistachio nuts. Stir and cook till well blended. Add a drop of green colour and vanilla essence. Remove and keep aside.

Beat the yolks and butter. Add semolina gradaully. Beat egg whites and add to the yolk mixture. Divide this mixture into three portions and mix each portion with the pineapple, strawberry and coconut mixtures.

FOR THE SHELL :

Knead the flour with butter, sugar and eggs into a soft dough. Roll half the dough on a floured board into a round big chappati to fit a circular thali. Line a greased thali with this chappati. Make a neat layer of the coconut mixture. Then make a layer with a strawberry jam mixture. Lastly make a smooth layer with the pineapple mixture. Roll the rest of the dough, into a thin chappati and arrange on top of the pineapple mixture. With the leftover dough, roll and cut into thin strips. Arrange in a criss-cross pattern on the top. Bake in a pre-heated oven for half an hour.

Mrs. Geeta Nadkarni, Bombay.

TAFFLE POPS

6 medium sized apples
1 cup sugar
¾ cup cream
½ tsp. vanilla essence
¼ cup butter
½ slab milk chocolate, grated
¼ cup nuts and dried figs, chopped
6 lollipop sticks

Wash the apples and wipe them till thoroughly dry. Pierce a lollipop stick halfway into each apple in the centre of the apple and keep aside.

Mix sugar and half cup cream. Stir over high heat until the sugar dissolves. Stir and boil for three minutes. Add butter to the mixture and stir. Cook till the mixture reaches the soft-crack stage. Remove from heat and add vanilla essence. Dip each apple in the above mixture till well coated. Make six portions of the milk chocolate and sprinkle this on the toffee apple. Roll the apple in finely chopped nuts and figs. Repeat this procedure with the other apples. These can be served hot by heating for five minutes in an oven or grill or serve cold. Top each apple with whipped cream and minced candied peels.

WEEKLY WINNER

Parveen Farooqui, Coimbatore.

Mrs. Farooqui wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

QUICK CHURA KHEER

½ cup beaten rice (chura)
½ cup sugar
1 litre milk
2 cardamoms, crushed
1 tsp. ghee
A few drops kewra water or essence
10 grams pistachios, finely chopped
Silver waraq for decoration

Clean, wash and soak the beaten rice in water for ten minutes. Drain and mash thoroughly. In a heavy vessel, heat the ghee. Fry the cardamoms and keep aside. Add the beaten rice and milk and cook till milk thickens and is reduced to half its original quantity. Add kewra essence. Remove from heat and cover tightly. Cool for a few minutes. Place in a serving dish, decorate with silver waraq and pistachios and serve.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contests

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

May, 1980
MANGO MARVELS

June, 1980
RAINY DAY SNACKS

July, 1980
SNACKS FOR ELEVENSES

All entries for May should reach us latest by April 5, June entries by May 5, and July entries by June 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

OF CHAIN-SNATCHERS AND EVENING STROLLS

Manohar T. Santwani

The recent grim episodes of murder, chain-snatching and waylaying morning walkers or evening strollers, especially in the posh localities of South Delhi have put housewives and children in constant terror and makes them afraid to go out. But then instances of house-breaking by hardened criminals in broad daylight make even homes hazardous places for women. Crime is so rampant in Delhi, especially against women.

While there is little that women can do to tackle this situation, we can guard against such incidents on roads and in houses by taking certain precautions. Instances are galore where criminals posing as postmen or salesmen, push the bell-button and pounce on the unwary housewife — often alone at mid-day — and make away with jewellery, clothes and cash, and that too often after inflicting physical injury. To prevent these happening, the following tips may be useful.

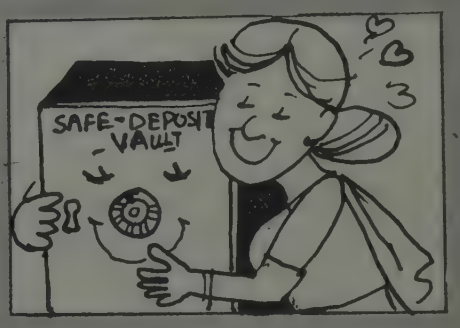
1. Do not wear ostentatious jewellery which invites notice and attracts the criminal. With the prices of gold soaring sky-high, it is inviting trouble, tempting fate. Therefore, wear only the bare minimum of jewellery. The artificial "pearl" jewellery or glass bangles now available in attractive colours and patterns form a safe and inexpensive substitute. The same thing applies to your children, who should not wear any ear-rings, rings, etc.

2. Ensure that the bell-buttons, locks, door latches are in working condition. Keep your keys in a safe place. Burglar alarms are now gaining popularity for protecting your valuables.

3. Never open the door immediately a bell rings. Provide for a peep-hole on the front door. Put a guard chain so that you can open the door just enough to see the visitor and find out what he wants without giving him the chance to push it open and enter. Do not allow strangers to enter the home till you verify their identity. Never trust a stranger especially the confidence trickster who claims to want to sell jewellery cheap or offers to multiply currency notes.

4. Keep photographs and addresses of your domestic servants, and always ask for references before you employ them. Get them registered at the police station of your locality. In case you are a working woman and leave your children and home in the care of an ayah, occasionally drop in at your home unexpectedly to get an idea of what she is doing in your absence, especially whether she is in the habit of inviting her friends or going out leaving the children alone.

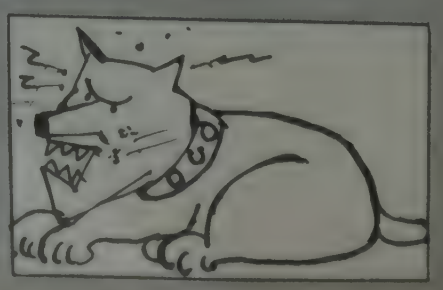
5. Always keep your jewellery under lock and key, or even better, in the safe-deposit vault of your bank. Before leaving home, ensure that the almirahs are properly locked. It is wise to get your jewellery, expensive utensils, clothes, electrical and electronic gadgets insured against theft and fire.



6. In case you are living in a bungalow, ensure proper locking of your gate. Keep the porch or verandah light on at night. When a visitor comes or a postman calls with a telegram at night you can see him if you put off the room light. Protect the glass doors of your drawing room with metal grills.

7. Do not allow salesmen or salesgirls to enter your home when you are alone during the day. They may have criminal intentions. Similarly, when selling old newspapers, tins, etc. be careful not to allow the buyer inside your flat. Always close the door and deal with him outside.

8. For those who can afford it, it is often advisable to keep a dog to guard your home and help you in case an intruder succeeds in entering your house. Burglars are scared of dogs and avoid houses which maintain them.



9. Train your children not to accept eatables or gifts from strangers who may have evil designs on them. Child kidnapping is increasing in urban areas.

10. Keep handy the telephone numbers of the police and the fire-brigade. You may need them for emergencies.

11. Women, especially those in big cities, are now learning judo and karate to protect themselves from roadside romeos, muggers and burglars. These martial arts can protect you from many a hazard today. Therefore it is wise for women to acquire these arts. This also helps you to live and move about confidently.

12. Do not get panicky if you do encounter a mugger on the road or a burglar at home. Panic numbs your brain and leads you into foolish action. Keep your cool and tackle the situation as circumstances dictate. For example, a thoughtless scream can invite sudden death. If there is no hope of immediate help, hand over your jewellery and money. Your life and well-being are more important than your possessions.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

MAKE-UP WITH GLASSES

I wear spectacles but I want to use eye make-up. Any suggestions?

K.L. (Hyderabad)

Do not make the mistake of thinking that you should go without eye make-up just because you wear glasses. But your make-up should be intensified so that it is visible from behind your lenses.

If your eyebrows are sparse, use an eye pencil to darken them. Use short feathery strokes to give them a natural look. When applying the eyeliner, draw a thin line on the upper lid close to the eyelashes, running the line from inner to outer corner. And if your lashes are light or skimpy, use two coats of mascara to make them appear darker.

TO MAKE PERFUME LAST

I bought a large bottle of perfume last month. I am afraid that by opening the bottle constantly the perfume might evaporate fast. Please advise.

C.J.J. (Delhi)

Heat and light both speed evaporation, therefore, you should store the perfume bottle in a dark, cool place — preferably at the back in a drawer and not on the dressing table.

You could siphon some of its content into a smaller bottle using an eye-dropper, then reseal the bigger bottle with paraffin.

Here is a useful tip. After using the perfume and before putting back the stopper, blow hard on the stopper and quickly clamp into place. This will reseal the bottle without paraffin and prevent undue evaporation.

USEFUL EXERCISES

I have started attending coaching classes early morning. My problem is that I am too lazy to get up and often get late for my classes. Please suggest some exercises to wake me up.

Also my skin is flaky and dry, what should I do to improve it?

D.G. (Bombay)

You should get up 10 minutes earlier and do these exercises to put yourself in form and perk you up.

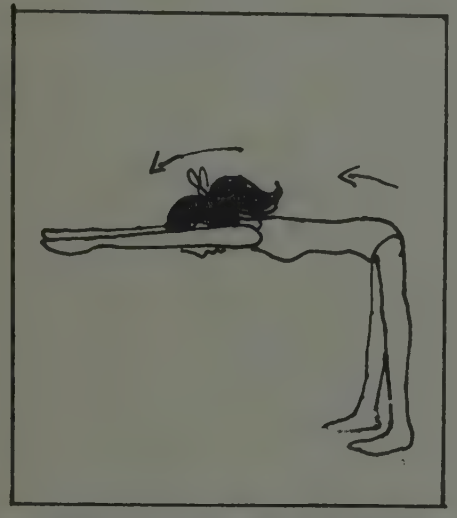
Stand tall, arms lifted. Pull in tummy and let the trunk and arms come forward. Hold tummy in and slowly bring back torso to first position. Relax and repeat.

Here is a stretching exercise for you to try. Stand straight, balancing on one leg. Put the other foot on ankle or thigh whichever is comfortable. When steady, raise arms above head keeping palms together. Hold steady, breathing deeply. Relax for about half a minute, feet slightly apart. Change the leg. Repeat.

These will help you begin the day with greater zest.

You should massage your body with coconut oil half an hour before you go for your bath. Use a nourishing body lotion after you pat yourself dry. Almond or olive oil added to the bath water will help to keep skin smooth.

HOW TO WAKE UP ALERT



THAT'S A LAUGH!

A Cockney was asked: "What on earth is a bison?"

He replied: "A bison is something yer wash yer face in."

* * *

"Do you think there's music in the stars?"

"I don't know about that. But I know of the sun causing a belle to peel."

* * *

Heavyweight Boxer: "The trouble is doc, I can't sleep a wink."

Doc: "You must practise auto-suggestion. Why not lie on your back and count up to ten?"

* * *

The guide in Yellowstone Park when asked why he was lacking the first finger of his right hand replied: "I've been a guide man and boy, for twenty-five years, and I just naturally wore that finger off pointing out places of interest to tourists."

* * *

Rastus shuffled to the employment office down in Savannah one morning and said hopefully: "Don' spose you don' know nobody as don' want nobody to do nothin' do you?"

* * *

Boss: "Rastus, did you go to the lodge meeting last night?"

Rastus: "No suh. We done had to postpone it."

Boss: "Why?"

Rastus: "The Grand All-Powerful Invincible Most Supreme Unconquerable Potentate done got beat up by his wife."

* * *

One day two Negroes bought a watch between them It went wrong. One of them took it to bits and found a fly inside it.

"No wonder this thing don't work," he said. "The engine driver is dead."

* * *

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from the north to London in an old car and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city one said: "Is this Wembly?"

"No," said the second, "it's Thursday."

The third said "So am I. Let's stop and have one."

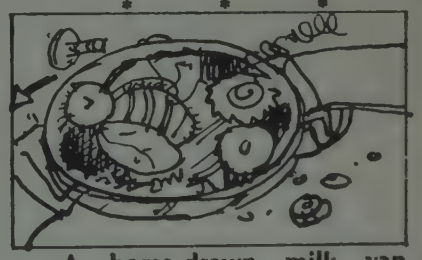
* * *

"One drink makes me dizzy."

"Really?"

"Yes. And it's usually the ninth."

* * *



A horse-drawn milk van stops in the street and the milkman enters a house. Five minutes later he returns.

A little boy standing nearby says: "Mister, I don't think your horse will go."

"Why?" asked the milkman.

"Well," said the little boy, "it just lost all its fuel."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Children by choice, not by chance

An unwanted pregnancy can upset all your careful plans. It's happened too often with others, it's not for you to make the same mistake.

REMEMBER, prevention's better than cure. Don't leave things to chance.

USE NIRODH.

It is a simple, easy device for the male. Available at your neighbourhood chemists or the nearest Family Welfare Centre.

A dependable device to help the man and wife who want a happy life

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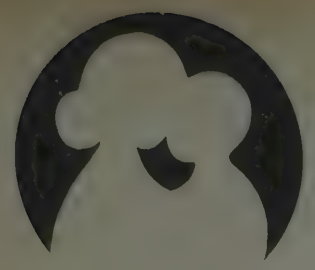


WEDDING BELLS FOR BULCHAND

Daksha Hathi

BULCHAND was a terror of a tomcat. According to Snowy who had scornfully refused a proposal of marriage from him, he was a menace. And many could not help agreeing with her, for he had a rough, patchy coat of black and yellow fur. His face was lean and hungry. He was rough, he was tough, he was scruffy and very shabby. And ever since Snowy had refused to marry him, he had become worse.

Every week he vanished on some mysterious errand... perhaps he fought some secret battles with mysterious foes, for he always returned with a black eye, torn fur and a generally disreputable appearance. His mistress Cookie worried about him and wished he would marry and settle down.

Then one day, the funniest thing happened. Bulchand was coming back after some grim adventure. Wearily he had travelled the dusty road. At last he reached the old oak tree and clambered painfully on to the roof of the old shed. The hot summer sun shone cruelly on his battle bruised face. Then, as he prepared to slither down the water pipe into the yard below he stood still instead and stared.

Down in the shade of the lemon tree sat a small gray cat. Now Bulchand was wary of females, but this one was a different type. She was a little thing with a clean, pearl-grey coat. She was sitting in a comfortable curl with her tail neatly wound round her small body.

Bulchand leapt down beside her, but afraid of being snubbed he began to stalk into the house.

"Hello!" said the small cat in a friendly voice, "You must be Bulchand, and I'm the new cat. My name is Mithi."

They drank their milk together, and then Bulchand, noticing her clean coat, went off guiltily to clean up. In the evening, wandering around the courtyard he met Mithi near the lemon tree.

"Want to come for a walk?" he asked her diffidently.

"Oh yes!" she said eagerly.

Then he led her up the roof and showed her the distant fields where he wandered. Then he took her for a ramble down the road pointing out houses where he had a fight or a disagreement with the resident cat. And he liked the way she listened with a quiet interest.

A week passed and the urge came upon Bulchand to seek his wild and dangerous adventures again. Mithi said goodbye gravely and hoped he would be back soon.

It had been a lonely and sad week for Mithi. At last a figure was seen climbing the tree. It was Bulchand home again with an eye badly scratched and his tail bitten. His mistress scolded him, but Mithi sat quietly near him while he had his food. And in the evening as they sauntered along the road he told her what had occurred, how he had fought wicked enemies of dangerous rats and

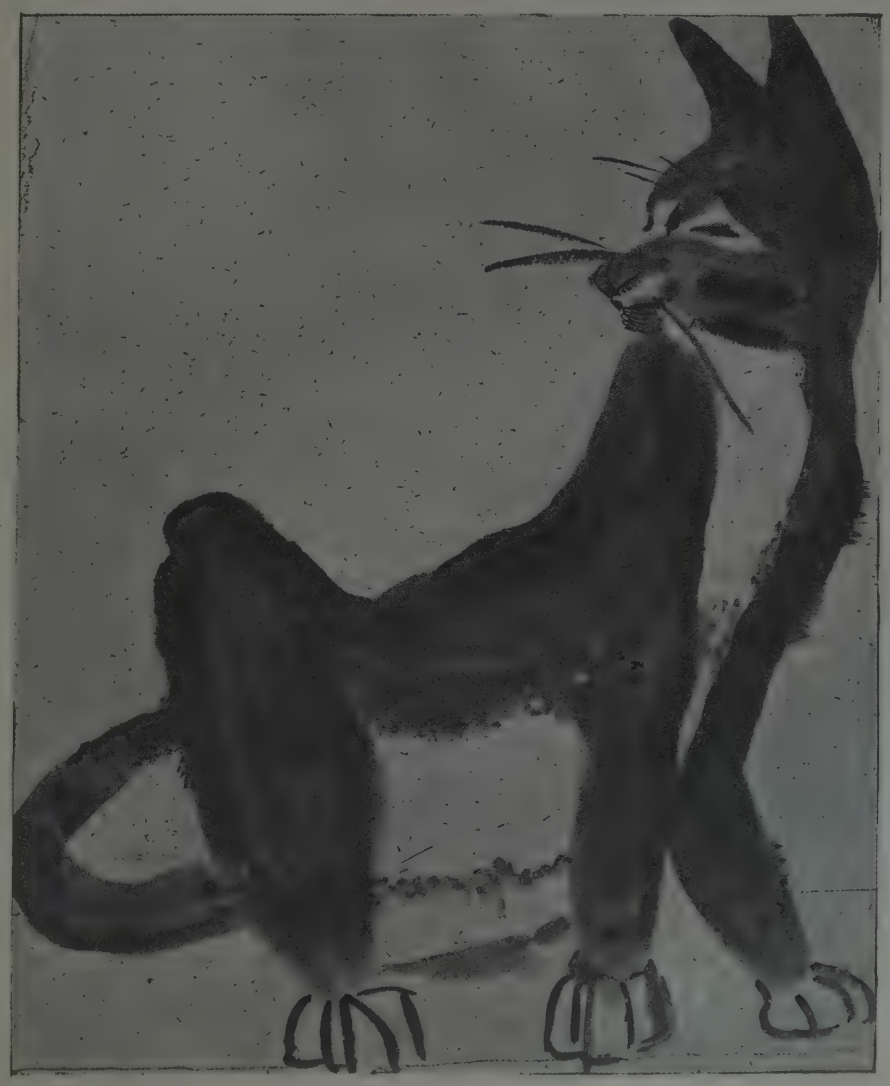
EVERY WEEK HE VANISHED ON SOME MYSTERIOUS ERRAND . . . PERHAPS HE FOUGHT SECRET BATTLES WITH WICKED ENEMIES

rough dogs. And she listened in wide-eyed wonder.

"Fire, fire!" shouted a crowd of terrified cats from the road and Bulchand followed them to the big house at the end of the road. The small shed in the garden was on fire but that wasn't all. There was a very tiny kitten trapped on its roof. Its mother stood sobbing in the corner while two or three cats held her back.

"Oh save my child!" she pleaded. By this time many tomcats were present. The older ones shook their heads sadly while the younger fellows stood hesitating. Fire burns the fur away and one does not look so handsome with one's fur missing.

With one leap Bulchand was near the shed and swarming up its hot sides. His courage took the other cats' breath away. With paws clasped they watched as he carefully made his way along the wickedly burning roof and caught up the little kitten in his mouth. Then bravely losing a lot of fur he clambered down, put his burden near the sobbing mother and walked carelessly away.



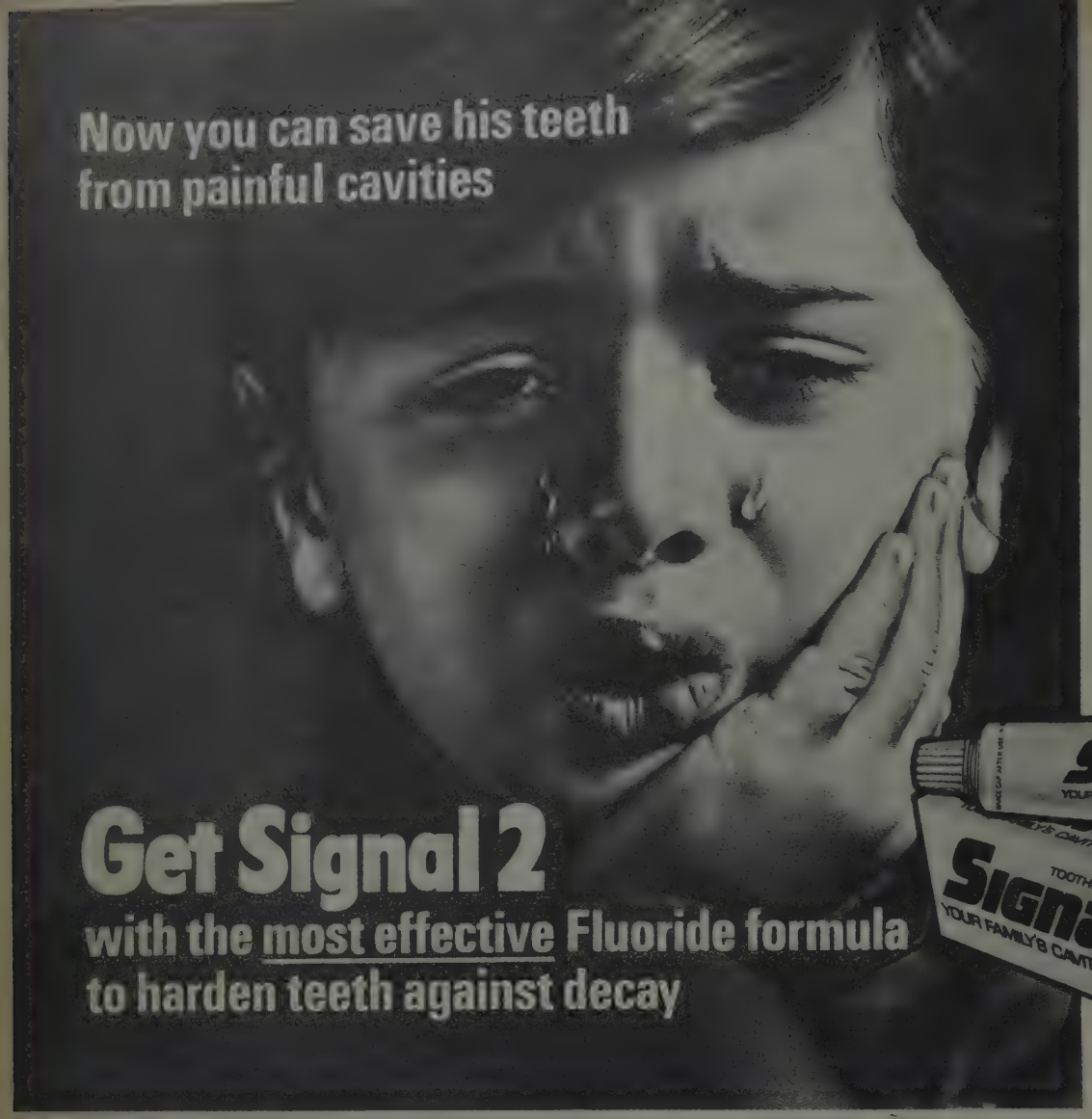
The news spread like the fire had, and Bulchand was a hero! Old pussies talked of him with approval and blessed him. The tomcats were jealous and all the young pussy-cats began to dream of him in the nights. Snowy too began to smile and coo at him although she was engaged to Simon a handsome Siamese cat with deep blue eyes. She brought him a little rat as a present, but Bulchand was only distantly polite to her.

The morning was bright and shining and he was walking in the garden when a bunch of elderly pussy-cats came to greet him. They all had young daughters who wanted to marry him! And Snowy's mother was there too! This made Bulchand think. How long would he lead a rough unsettled life? A time comes when every tomcat has to settle down with a good wife and then a circle of little ones to play with. He looked at the old pussies and grinned. They had given him a good idea, but he didn't want to marry any of their daughters! Neither did he want to marry Snowy. Pretty yes, but cruel too. How she had hurt him!

It was the small gray cat he remembered — Mithi — who had been friendly even when he wasn't a hero but just plain Bulchand with a bad name and despised by all. She had saved milk for him, walked with him and listened to him pouring out his heart. But would she marry him? Suddenly he was running with all his might, up the tree on to the roof. From there he looked down. There she was, that comfortably curled up pearl-grey cat, dainty and restful. Just looking at her made him feel good. With his heart thumping painfully he jumped down beside her. Then mustering all his courage, and prepared for a snub, he asked her straight out, "Mithi will you marry me?"

She looked at him with a friendly smile and answered, "Of course, I will Bulchand!" Without any fuss or bother. And his heart swelled with love and admiration.

Soon the news got around and the wedding bells rang out loud and clear for Bulchand, the one time rebel!


Now you can save his teeth
from painful cavities
Get Signal 2
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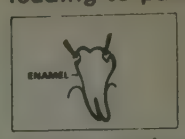
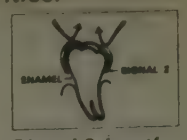
tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

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Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.

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MESSAGE FROM THE VILLAGE

It is not only educated women in the cities who are aware of their unequal status. Women in rural areas too, a U.N. report revealed, want more control over their destinies, but they lack the education and the economic independence that would help them fight for it

The 1979 "State of the World's Women" report, just published by the U.N. Centre for Social Development and Humanitarian Affairs, shows that women — the universal baby-bearers, child-minders, home-keepers and food producers of the Third World — have very little say in the running of their own lives. Perdita Huston, an American social worker turned journalist, travelled to the rural areas of six developing countries to find out why. Anuradha Vittachi summarises her findings.

"I am nothing; I am a beast. Look at me. No, I don't want my children to be beasts like me." These words, spoken by a mother from a remote Third World village show that even the poorrest most isolated of women are painfully aware of the absence of freedom in their lives.

During 1976 and 1977 Perdita Huston travelled widely in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Far from being apathetic or bewildered by notions of personal autonomy, over and over, illiterate women from barely accessible villages, from tea plantations, even nomadic halting-places in the desert, made their plea with passion and clarity for more control over their destinies. They wanted to be able to choose their own husbands, to choose the size of their families, to participate in society, and to contribute to it.

The barriers to achieving these goals are many. But amongst the most disabling, is fear, inspired by the very real power that many societies give men over women — wife-beating, polygamy, desertion, inheritance inequities, lack of legal protection. All these held women in resigned passivity. And even where laws to protect women's rights do exist, women may not be in a position to know about such laws or to enforce them.

Discrimination starts early. Where education is available at all, boys tend to be the principal beneficiaries. In many countries, a girl's attendance at school depends on her father's approval — he can grant her the opportunity to learn or keep her in her ignorance forever.

"My father said I could do anything if I wanted it badly enough," was a characteristic response from women who had gained at least some education. Conversely, their illiterate peers most frequently gave the opposite answer: "My father and brothers wouldn't let me go out of the house once I became ten years old." All too often a daughter remains "in the kitchen," uneducated and unskilled.

With job options thereby limited to the most menial and least lucrative, the woman is tied by poverty and lack of opportunity to her dependent status. Marriage looms inevitably, not as a matter of choice. Even her marriage partner is unlikely to be of a girl's own choosing. In order that some measure of choice might be available after marriage through partnership and mutually agreed decisions, young girls long for husbands "who will talk" with them, "plan together" for the well-being of the family.

But such communication between a husband and a wife is rare. Sadly, many rural women feel that the man's sense of responsibility to his family is actually declining. Development policies favour men and widen the economic and communications gap: cash cropping, for instance, means that men who previously helped in food-gathering duties, now leave their share to be done by their wives; but the cash the men earn isn't necessarily spent on the family. Alcoholism is common, as is violence done to wives by drunken husbands, and enforced separations are hardly likely to discourage desertion or polygamy.

As women take on added burdens of labour, they also face growing economic pressures. A Kenyan woman said that in the days when her mother was young, "When you went on a journey you just walked and you didn't have to have clothes. But now you can't do anything without using money."

Rural women are becoming money-conscious in their long-term expectations too. They want their children to obtain salaried work, rather than toil in the fields. Maria-Louise, a Mexican Indian, expressed her hopes like this: "We are very backward; we don't know anything. I don't want my daughters to be here on their knees making tortillas like me. I hope they can study and get the careers they want." But education is not always free; in any case, school children must have shoes, pencils, notebooks.

So economic changes are transforming women's attitudes to childbearing. Once prized as units of production within the family, children now cost the family precious cash. To enable their newly expensive children to break free from the cycle of poverty, mothers know they must have smaller families. "It's a joy to have children . . . but only if they are healthy, educated, and can have some cause for hope," was a sentiment frequently expressed.

The new availability of health services has meant a decline in infant mortality, so mothers know that they need no longer bear 15 children to ensure that four or five reach adulthood. Village women understand very well that their "old age security" lies in the quality of their children's prospects for the future; not any longer in mere quantity. Why then do so many rural women continue to have more children than they feel they can cope with?

The answers return us to the women's lack of choice. They claim: "My husband would go off and marry another woman if I don't have a child every year."

"He said that the whole town would laugh at him if he didn't have any more children. They would say that his virility was over, gone."

"Some husbands say: 'The only reason you want birth control is so you can go with other men'."

A doctor in charge of a rural health centre confirmed these fears, describing "the most important barrier of all" as "maschismo", the attitude of the husband. Very often, husbands don't care much for their families; they don't give anything to their wives for the livelihood of the family. Yet when a wife wants to do something on her own, such as trying to limit the number of mouths to feed, the husband gets angry and even beats her. He thinks it unacceptable for her to make decisions of her own. He feels that she is challenging his authority, his power over her.

Surprisingly, perhaps, women's own religious beliefs did not often surface as an important barrier. Priestly condemnation, however, could at times create moral dilemmas for women — for instance one woman wanted her IUD removed as her priest wouldn't allow her to take Holy Communion while wearing it — but others said they would even be willing to "sin" if necessary. Despite such desperation, some women remain barred from attending family planning clinics if a husband's religious beliefs lead him to deny his wife permission to attend.

If a woman overcomes the qualms of both husband and priest, as well as her own fears — for frightening rumours are plentiful and powerful where hard information is scarce — another barrier awaits her at the clinic itself: the shortage of female doctors. The prospect of intimate examination by a strange male can be the hurdle at which she finally falters and falls.

So the rural woman finds herself trapped in a truly vicious circle. Exhausted and tied by perpetual pregnancy and family duties, she has neither the resources nor the spare energy to raise her status in society; and while she is denied status, she has little choice about being a "non-stop breeding machine."

Population programmes which regard contraception as a woman's responsibility alone, are spooning out the wrong medicine to the wrong patient, sometimes damaging already disharmonious husband-wife relationships. Until men find notions of family health and family responsibilities first acceptable and then important, both as husbands and as policy makers, family life will remain a bitter struggle.

Courtesy: United Nations Centre for Social Development and Humanitarian Affairs.

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MITHUN CHAKRABORTY

"I KNOW HOW TO PLAY MY CARDS"

Jyothi Venkatesh

It was at Melkote, a thinly populated village about 100 kilometres from Bangalore, where producer Surinder Kapoor's latest venture, "Hum Paanch", a remake of the Telugu hit "Manavoori Pandavulu". was being shot, that I met Mithun Chakraborty, for this interview.

"Is it true that you have decided to do only commercial films because the producers of art films cannot afford to pay you a high price like the makers of extravaganzas?" I asked Mithun.

"Far from it. You are sadly mistaken if you think that money is more important to me than good roles. Believe me or not. I have not charged K. A. Abbas Saab even a single paisa for my work in 'Naxalites' even though he was prepared to pay me whatever little he could afford."

"When you are working in as many as 60 different films at the same time, is it humanly possible for you to concentrate on all the roles that you have undertaken to do? Don't you think that the quality of your performance will be affected?"

Mithun grinned broadly and said. "I tell people that I have nearly 100 films on hand only to put off producers with whom I do not wish to work. Actually, I have very few films actively on the floors. At the moment, apart from 'Hum Panch' the only other films with which I am busy on the floors are 'Laparwaah', 'Baazi,' 'Dhuan' and 'Dilruba Dillwali'. My ambition is not to claim that I am the actor with the maximum number of films on the floors. On the contrary, I wish to do only a few select films. If I take up more films, it is only because I know what starvation means. In this industry, you are wanted only as long as you are saleable. And when your time has come you make it to the top."

"Aren't you playing your cards well enough? We rarely see you teaming with top actresses like Hema Malini, Rekha, Zeenat, or for that matter, Reena Roy. In almost every other film that you have signed, your co-star is either Ranjeeta or Yogeeta Bali."

"Unfortunately, most of these popular leading ladies like Hema, Zeenat or Rekha are too old for me to co-star with them. Fortunately or unfortunately for me, though I am nearly 30, I look like I am only 24. And also most of our films today are hero-oriented and hence it doesn't matter at all whether you are teamed opposite a big heroine or a small one.

"I know how to play my cards well enough. Only I know what's good for me. I could have played the role that Raj Babbar is doing in producer Vijay Sadanah's 'Sau Din Saas Ke' opposite Reena Roy. I turned down the offer because it is a heroine-oriented film and it would do me no good if I were to take up the offer just because Reena Roy would be my co-star."

"Can you tell me why we see less of you in films like 'Mrigaya' and more in pot-boilers like 'Suraksha'?"

"If I do pot-boilers like "Suraksha' more and good films like 'Mrigaya' less, the blame should be on the producers, the audience, your film journals. When 'Mrigaya' was released no magazine came forward to feature me on the cover. Producers were hesitant to sign me for their films because they thought that Mithun Chakraborty had no box-office potential.

"When 'Suraksha' clicked, magazines started putting me on the cover, producers started coming to me and audiences have accepted me. So what's the harm if I do films like 'Tarana', 'Suraksha', and "Bhaynak'?"

According to Mithun, "I have started my life from nowhere and I've struggled to become what I am today. I cannot suddenly forget those harrowing days of my life and behave as if I became a star overnight.

"I am happy I can claim to be a self-made man who has come up in life without 'paao padoing' anyone in the industry or resorting to chamchagiri. I have slogged for ten years resolutely for a better tomorrow. In Dulal Guha's 'Do Anjaane' I had worked as an extra in one scene with Amitabh. Today I am working as the leading man in Dulalda's 'Dhuan'. In Pramod Chakravarty's 'Teen Faristhte', Amitabh and I play parallel roles. I had worked as an extra in one scene in Surinder Kapoor's 'Phool Khile Hain Gulshan Gulshan'. Today I am the leading man in his 'Hum Panch.' "

Photograph : Rakesh Shrestha

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

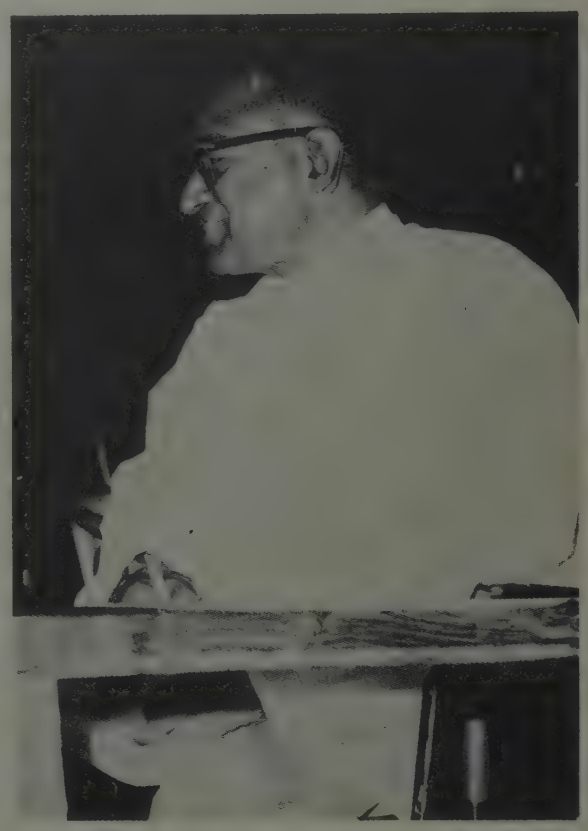
HANDICAPS CAN BE A SPUR, NOT A BRAKE

A VICTIM OF POLIO, HE WAS DEPRIVED OF THE PLEASURES OF OUTDOOR LIFE IN HIS EARLY YEARS, BUT HIS ISOLATION ENDED WHEN HE BEGAN CONCENTRATING ON READING AND WRITING, TOPPED HIS CLASS EVERY TIME, TO FINALLY EMERGE AS AN ACADEMICIAN OF GREAT MERIT

Malavika

"rehabilitation is the result of the positive motivation of the handicapped."

A. N. PARASURAM



The life of Mr. A. N. Parasuram, Principal of the Minerva College, Director of Minerva Publishing House, President, Society for the Welfare of the Handicapped, and Founder-President of the Parasuram Trust for the Handicapped, is an epic of courage, iron will and high achievement. A vigorous 78 today, Mr. Parasuram is still physically and mentally as alert and vigorous as in his youth and an example to those who refuse to face adversity with courage and are content to blame their handicaps for their failure.

Born on May 8, 1902, at Kollengode in South Malabar, Kerala, Mr. Parasuram lost his father within a year of his birth and shortly thereafter fell a victim to poliomyolitis — two tragedies, enough those days to condemn a child to lifelong indigence and misery. Yet Mr. Parasuram has achieved not merely affluence and high social status but a name widely known and respected among the intelligentsia of the South.

"I didn't, until the age of seven, participate with children of my age in learning, playing or picnics and was therefore deprived of the pleasures of outdoor life and games in which children of my age indulged. Fortunately I had some compensation in other companionships, otherwise my mind would have been stunted, but my early life was really unhappy, for my polio prevented me from even getting away quickly from stray animals and poisonous insects in the backyards where I went to ease myself. I had to live with all these things," Mr. Parasuram reminisced about his childhood.

His isolation ended when he induced a local carpenter to make a stout, long teak wood pole with which he learnt to walk and a caliper for leaning upon and stabilising his balance. They were designed by the young boy himself to meet his particular needs and enabled him to avoid developing a stoop or hunchback. His voracious reading and appetite for knowledge made him much better informed than other boys of his age who were going to the village school. Every morning, he used to watch them passing by as he sat on the verandah of his house. Some of the boys used to consult him about their lessons and would, on their return in the evenings, proudly boast of the good marks they had scored.

This naturally made young Parasuram not exactly jealous, but uncomfortable and restless. Knowing that he had the potential to prove himself a good student, he resolved to go to school on his own. He straightaway walked into the school at the age of seven and requested the headmaster to admit him into class one. He was accepted. His guardian, his maternal grandfather, learnt of this that afternoon and completed the other formalities of admission like the payment of fees. Throughout the period of four years he studied at the school, he topped the class. Mr. Parasuram says in this context, in most village sports, children of his age gladly permitted him to join them even relaxing some rules in his case. They permitted him to use his crutches which were more like a pole-vault stick, to stop the football from getting inside the goalpost, which they found an advantage when having him as a goalkeeper on their side. He remarks in this connection that if the handicapped person frankly accepts his limitations and is determined to use his residual abilities, society will also accept him and he can become a well integrated personality.

When Mr. Parasuram wanted to join the high school for higher studies, he had to cross a river which was a torrent in the rainy season and a shallow rivulet in summer. His elders dissuaded him from undergoing this hazard for the sake of higher studies. But he was firm and unyielding and they agreed. He was taught to swim and became such an expert at it so that at Kollengode one day, when he and his classmates were having lunch on the steps of the tank inside the then Kollengode Raja's palace compound, and there was a challenge to his swimming ability, eight of them, including Parasuram, jumped in and he was the first to reach the opposite side. This was because his shoulders and arms had become powerful by the use of crutches. Thus he proved that disabled persons were merely differently able persons. If they are handicapped one way, they have advantages in some other ways.

Though Parasuram's academic career was a success, there was a curious deflection in its course. He had wanted to take up science subjects which called for laboratory work but had to get himself admitted into the history group because he couldn't stand up for a long time in the laboratory to do experiments. Parasuram reflected that the headmaster could have asked him to make the necessary furniture at his own expense to enable him to sit down and do his experiments, but the principle that the environment should be adapted to the convenience of the handicapped was not recognised then. In this connection he feels that it should be an accepted principle that in places of work, furniture and duties should be adjusted to suit the handicapped.

In 1920 Mr. Parasuram came to Madras and joined the Pachaiappa's College. There he had a bitter experience of the world's indifference, even hostility, towards the handicapped. The trustees of the college refused to recommend him for a scholarship on the ground that he would thereby deprive an able bodied student in getting one. They had decided that a handicapped boy

would not secure employment even if he graduated and thus a valuable scholarship would be wasted on him. How could they foresee that instead of seeking some ill-paid job, Parasuram would later on be offering employment to many able-bodied persons? Later, his academic abilities were recognized by his professors and the principal, and despite considerable opposition they gave him a tutor's post in the same college after his studies.

An enterprising proprietor of a tutorial college, one Mr. Rangachariar, was waiting for Parasuram to complete his degree course to work in his institution as a part-time lecturer. But in 1926 a new principal of the institution told Parasuram bluntly that as a physically handicapped person, he would find it difficult to maintain discipline and terminated his services. While a lesser man would have been in a state of hopeless despair, Mr. Parasuram started his own tutorial college, "Minerva" in 1931.

"Though it ultimately turned out to be a blessing in disguise, so far as I was concerned, I would like other handicapped persons to draw a lesson from this. Their real handicap is not physical nor mental, not even financial, but the prejudice the able-bodied nurse against them. Their conviction that we can only be a burden is so deep rooted that they feel lip sympathy is all that the handicapped deserve," Mr. Parasuram observed ruefully.

The Minerva College founded by Parasuram is 1931 faced hurdles as it was a period of severe economic depression after the Wall Street crash and as such, a few students could afford to join the institution. The Madras University had banned its teachers from working in tutorial colleges. So, Mr. Parasuram decided to have his own independent staff from the very beginning. He recruited efficient, educated graduates and honours graduates for his tutorial college. This institution, has so far academically rehabilitated over 72 000 students. The Minerva Publishing House was inaugurated in 1936 and its commentaries on English text-books are sold in all English speaking countries including England, Canada, Australia and Africa.

Mr. Parasuram feels that if a physically handicapped person doesn't become an introvert, moody and melancholy person, wasting his time in self-pity and strives hard to serve society with the residual resources left with him, society will definietly welcome him and every avenue of honour is open to him.

He is naturally a dedicated advocate of rehabilitation of the handicapped. He has utilised his position in society and fame as an educationist to urge the public and the Government to help the handicapped to learn useful trades and place them in remunerative posts. For those who can work only at home he wants such aids as credit facility, equipment grant and technical expertise and help to sell their produce.

He doubts the utility of the scheme giving prizes to employers who employ handicapped persons as any employer can employ a few handicapped persons, but this will not even touch the fringe of the stupendous problems facing them.

Mr. Parasuram regrets the absence of an adequate number of well-organised institutions for the welfare of the handicapped, to voice and redress their problems and grievences. This, he observes, is partly due to our apathy and a lack of the national will to deal with the problem in an organised manner. Talking about the sex-life of the handicapped, he feels that their spouses should be made aware of the possible problems faced by them so that they can learn to adjust to the situation instead of feeling frustrated and miss a happy, fulfilled sex life. He says that an understanding spouse can not only enjoy a happy sex life but also help the handicapped partner to have this.

He thinks that the available prosthetic aids manufactured in India should be wider in range and more comfortable for the user. In this context, he made a reference to the calipers made available to the polio-affected using calf's leather which might be against the sentiments of orthodox Hindus. As our weather conditions don't require feet to be covered completely, adaptation of wooden sandals would meet the requirements.

In addition to his original handicap Mr. Parasuram got involved in a lorry-car collision in 1964 in which his right arm was smashed and maimed. This has confined him to a wheel chair, but even so he is as active as ever in cultural and social activities. He has headed many committees for the renovation and repair of various temples in and around Madras. He was also an honorary adviser on the salvaging of dry cows and on matters concerning Hindu religious and charitable endowments. He has also served as an honorary presidency magistrate for over nine years.

A connoisseur of arts, especially dance, Mr. Parasuram is a learned critic of Bharatha natyam and has published a number of critical research papers on that dance form. He has served as an honorary member of many public organisations connected with music, dance, drama and religion and the State Board for the Welfare of the Handicapped. He was, for a while a vice-president of the All-India Chess Federation. And he has designed a model house for himself, in which all his activities can be carried on in his wheel chair.

His interests and involvement are truly extentive. They include even archaeology and he is a profound scholar of philosophy.

Mr. Parasuram has five sons and five daughters all well settled in life, besides 25 grandchildren.

A full life indeed in all respects, which few normal men can hope to rival. He is truly an example of the human spirit triumphing over the heaviest odds. To him his handicap has acted as a spur instead of as a brake.

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT MAN AND ANIMALS

Man is the only animal that blushes — or needs to.

Mark Twain

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps: for he is the only animal that is struck by the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.

William Hazlitt

You never see animals going through the absurd and often horrible fooleries of magic and religion.

Aldous Huxley

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

Jimmy Durante

Man is the only animal of which I am thoroughly and cravenly afraid. I have never thought much of the courage of the lion-tamer. Inside the cage he is at least safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility; in short, no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat.

George Bernard Shaw

Most fur coats come from the male animal.

Al Schaffer

The ability to make love frivolously is the chief characteristic which distinguishes human beings from the beasts.

Heywood Broun

The capacity of human beings to bore one another seems to be vastly greater than that of any other animal.

H. L. Mencken

Only man, among living things, says prayers. Or needs to.

Peter Bowman

I finally know what distinguishes man from the other beasts; financial worry.

Jules Renard

A woman is the only being that can skin a wolf and get a mink.

Sam Cowling

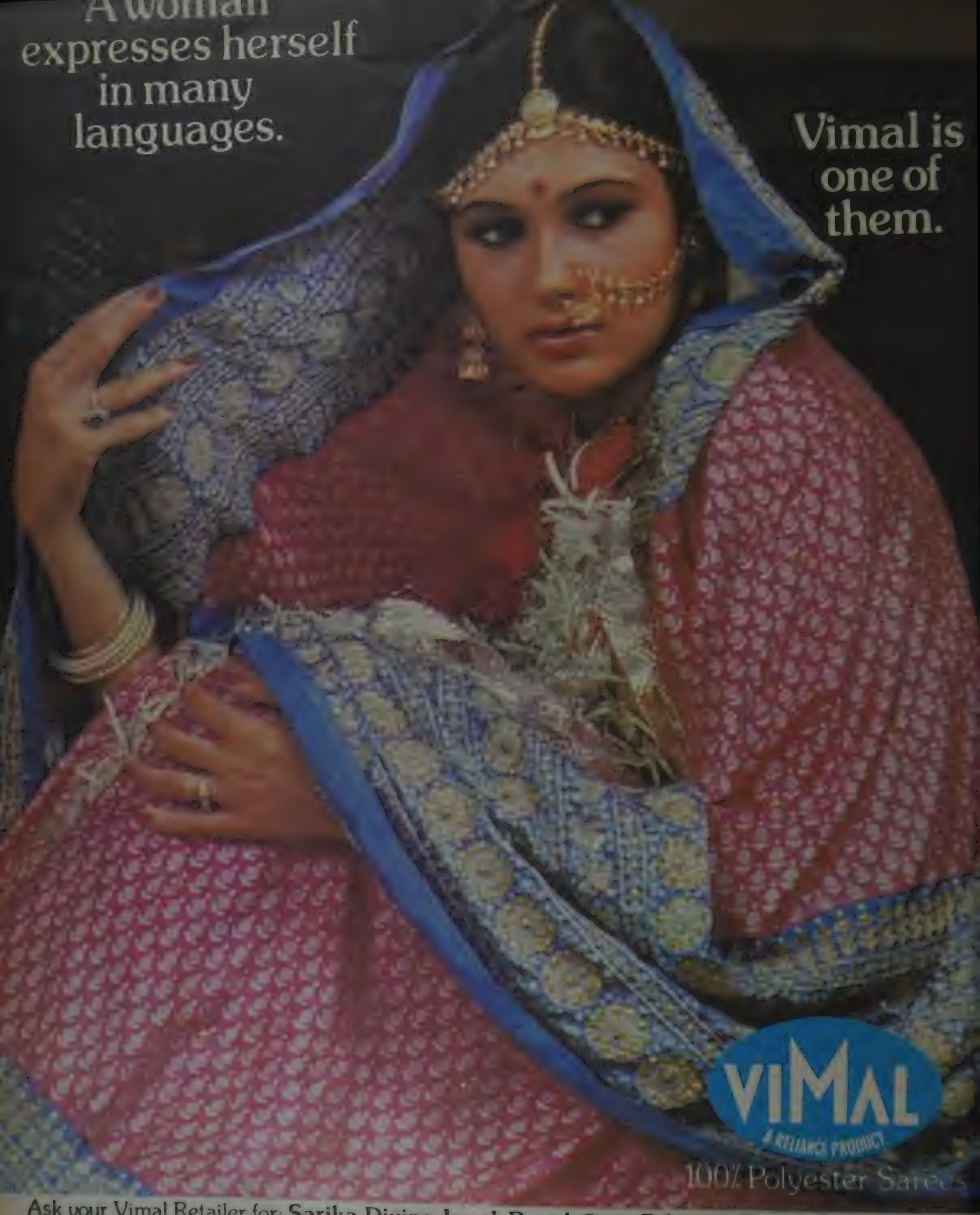
It is not so important to be serious as it is to be serious about the important things. The monkey wears an expression of seriousness which would do credit to any college student, but the monkey is serious because he itches.

Robert Maynard Hutchins

David Gunston

A woman
expresses herself
in many
languages.

Vimal is
one of
them.



Ask your Vimal Retailer for: Sarika, Divine Jewel, Royal Gem, Polyester Tissue Crepe.
Also Silk Silimore, Sweet Softy, Golden Peak, Lavolta & French Chiffon

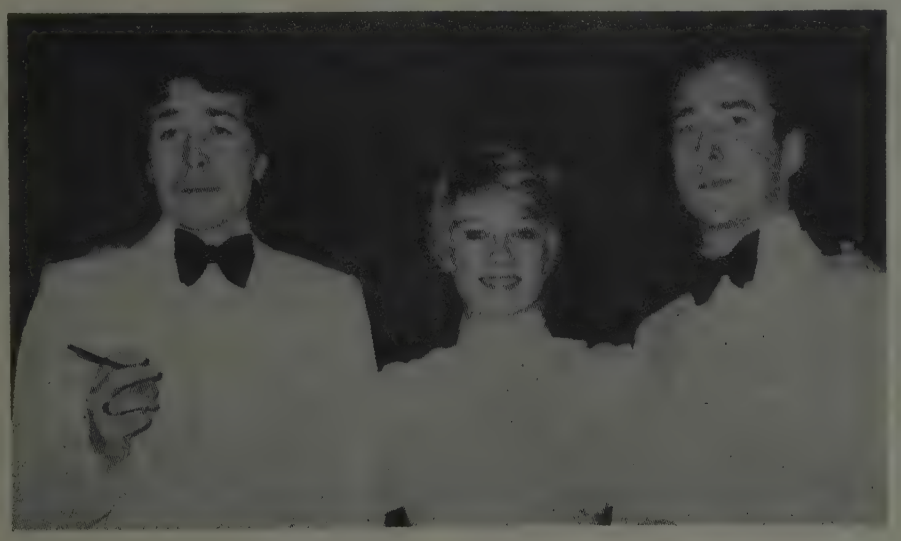
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

The Hollywood movie makers of "Sea Wolves" who had previously shied away from making films in India because of the red tape involved, seem to have rediscovered the country. While Kamal Amrohi had to go all the way to the Louvre in Paris to discover that Razia Sultana looked like Hema Malini, the New York based **Merchant-Ivory** team of "The Householder" fame, has looked nearer home to discover the intrigues of the cult of goddess Kali. Based on a book by John Masters, "The Deceivers", it will be shot entirely in India. This has elicited a request from reader Raj Nath in the "Indian Express" that since the goddess is a revered figure, the religious sentiments of the Hindus should not be hurt, so could Mr. James Ivory please contact the Vishva Hindu Parishad before shooting the film? I doubt if the request will be granted. If one is to go by the Westerner's fascination for India, the movie will probably dwell on the gory human and

animal sacrifices rather than on any psychological or religious interpretation, so that Western audiences can pat themselves on their indulgent backs and say: "See how civilized we are!"

* * *

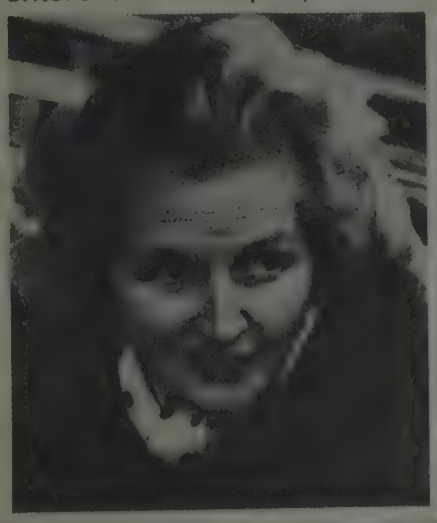
First, the five-star hotels tried to attract attention by having the Portuguese/English/French/Spanish food festivals, then they turned patriotic and concentrated on the cuisine of Maharashtra/Gujarat/Kutch. When that palled, the emphasis has shifted subtly from food to "art" and "culture." Hotel Searock hosted Chitra and Jagjit Singh for their clientele, for Rs. 150 a head, and now the Taj brings **Noel Coward** to Indian audiences. For most of us **desis,** the 1930s are ancient history, and to those oldies who remember, a period of simmering discontent in India. But the witty songs of Coward are truly evergreen, and "Mad About Coward," a nostalgic musical revue presented by a high class team of professionals from Britain in Bombay, Madras, New Delhi and Bangalore, truly waf-



ted the audience's attention from food to music.

* * *

Maggie Thatcher is a milk snatcher all right, but would the milk of human kindness flow in her bosom for a fellow woman grossly ill-treated by her government? **Mrs. Kakkar,** the 30-year-old woman who was subjected to the virginity test last year (and incidentally, was found to be a virgin) has been suffering from severe depression at the humiliation meted out to her, and has left her husband and returned to India. Bravo! Mrs. Thatcher. Surely you must pursue this test, if it makes Indians leave your country. But all Britons are not equally callous.



Shamed by official apathy, pressure has been mounting on Home Secretary William Whitelaw to pay compensation to Mrs. Kakkar as early as possible "in order to demonstrate sympathy for the distressed woman." But can money ever compensate the shame and sorrow Mrs. Kakkar was forced to undergo needlessly?

Gangaram came in a torn dhoti and no footwear; he is a priest in a temple at Walkeshwar, Bombay. Goharbai had a walking stick, but refused all help to climb the steps. Billimoria could not see properly. Before you yawn and say, "So what?" remember that these were the greatest, handsomest swashbuckling stars of the silent era. Some years ago, it was Bombay TV's Tabassum who discovered one of these old, forgotten stars and presented him in "Phool Khile Hain Gulshan Gulshan" which moved the Maharashtra Chief Minister to tears and to present one of them with Rs. 5,000. Most of these old stars are in dire straits today, and **Siddharth Kak,** editor of a new, serious, film magazine called "Cinema Vision India" thoughtfully invited these great pioneers to the inaugural ceremony of his mag. The stars were moved and thanked the people for having remembered them. After all, recognition and gratitude are more important to these stars in their twilight years than money. "Gone but not forgotten" is a cliche, but true.

* * *

It seems like the Beatles (or ex-Beatles) never learn. Years ago, John Lennon was caught in the United States with drugs on his person, and he fought a long, bitter, legal battle with the State Department to grant him American citizenship, which had been withheld since he had abused the laws of that country. Now comes the news that the Tokyo police have arrested **Paul McCartney** for smuggling 200 grams of marijuana into Japan. Seems like the lure of the "sniff" is stronger than the desire for freedom.

UNKNOWN

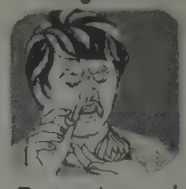
What does a motorman do on his long journey in the train? As far as Ashok Kumar Arora of the Western Railway is concerned, he was swotting up on "Rajput-Maratha Relations from 1707 to 1760 A. D." for his Ph.D degree, which has recently been awarded to him by Pune University. To prepare his thesis, Arora referred to more than 3,000 documents in Persian, Rajasthani, and Sanskrit. He is right now studying for his D.Litt. The subject? Understandably, the Indian Railways.

Lakshmi Narayan

RANBAXY'S GARLIC PEARLS

A few facts you should know.

Why not raw Garlic?



Raw garlic cloves have to be chewed before the extract acts inside the body. But when chewed, they leave an unpleasant smell. When swallowed, they are difficult to digest. And the extraction is incomplete.

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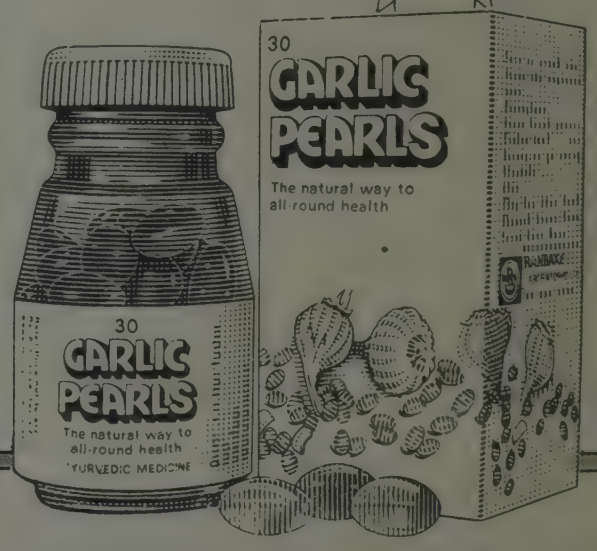

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IN MY OWN WRITE

Humour, the way it is.

MY NEPHEW, THE BUSH-BABY

One morning my sister rang me up in a panic. "Come over at once," she said. "Something wretched has happened."

"What is it?" I asked diffidently. Because terrible things have been known to take place at my sister's house and for some reason I am nearly always around to soothe nerves and spread balms. Like the time I was left alone in charge of the house at the the time of a mass-siege of guests, and the main water pipe in the bathroom burst at the dead of night. It made a noise like a neutron bomb according to the neighbours and guests, though of course I slept through it all and woke up only because the bedsheets became a trifle damp after the drains got blocked, the bathtub over-flowed, the dog nearly drowned, etcetera. However, that is another story.

"It's Vikram," my sister said, meaning her twelve-year-old son. "I. . . I think he's become an animal." There was a catch in her voice.

"Oh, don't worry, he's always been one," I said soothingly. "Comes from reading all those world wildlife things. What's he done this time — given the dog rabies?"

Here I must explain that my nephew Vikram and I have never been exactly friendly. He made his entrance to this vale of tears at just about the time I was really beginning to make the best of my position at centre-stage as the youngest member of the family. I'll never forgive him for cutting in on my act.

"No, no," said my sister. "You don't understand. I mean a real animal, you know, a little thing with fur and paws and tails and everything. I wish you'd come over. You see, I don't even know what kind of creature he's turned into. I went in to wake him up in the morning, and there he was all curled up and un-Vikramlike."

"Call the zoo at once," I said heartlessly. "He's always wanted to own a zoo and now he has this unique opportunity of living in one."

I was referring here to the fact that my nephew is a confirmed wildlife fetishist. At any given moment he can rattle off the population statistics of the New Guinea stag beetles and the correct way to potty train young platypuses (platypi?).

But of course I did go over in the end, because it isn't nice to desert one's sister at times like this, when one of her cherished offspring has turned into a furry animal overnight, without even asking permission or anything.

"I've always told you to be more strict with him," I told my sister reprovingly. "What if he'd been interested in insects or, worse still, something like machine tools and car engines? How would it be to come in and find he's turned into a gear box during the afternoon? It really isn't good form to have your children behaving like this. I mean, what will the family think?"

Meanwhile, the small thing which Vikram had become was sitting on his bed and yawning about, blinking its large liquid eyes. "Is he dangerous, do you think?" asked my sister fretfully. "Oh, this is so worrying. Now how will we get him to school?"

"It's hard to tell, but I think he must be a kinkajou," I said. Actually I was hazarding a guess since I had no idea what kind of beast he was. But then, I have a policy of answering other people's doubts even when I'm not very sure whether I'm right. It pays in the long run — they follow your advice for the time being and if things go wrong one can always say one was just trying to be helpful and that they had had no right to accept help if they hadn't wanted it.

Anyway, turning to the animal I said, "Now, Vikram, be calm. You have turned into a kinkajou, a small nocturnal animal related to the raccoon, a resident of South America. The least you could have done is to have turned into something recognizable like a Saint Bernard, but never mind, we will have to make do with what we have."

Turning back to my sister, I said, "I think he has to have a very specialized diet of only certain rare moths and butterflies and the bark of cinchona trees. Do you think we can get some?"

"Oh dear," said my sister. "I don't have any trees in the house today. Do you suppose he'll like anything else, like cornflakes or papayas? Is he the kind of thing which makes a loud noise? Will he grow any bigger? Do you think the neighbours will object?"

"No point getting hysterical," I said, feeling very much in control of things. After all, I now had ultimate control over my nephew's fate. "You never know, he might change back into his own inimitable state again if we

threaten him. Perhaps by starvation? Put an advertisement in the papers saying his parents are very upset and could he change back at once?"

And as we were standing there mulling over this vexing problem of metamorphosing children, what should we hear but the front door burst open with a crash and the distant thunder of my nephew's tiny feet as he galloped into the room laden down with assorted leaves and twigs. "Hi, Mommy, greetings, revered Aunt. I've just been collecting food for my new bush-baby. Have you seen him anywhere?"

A. Kaulumnisst

The skin beautician

A beautiful woman's confession to her mirror

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LASER SPELLS HOPE FOR THOUSANDS OF CHILDLESS COUPLES

Carbon dioxide lasers are being used at the maternity clinics of university hospitals in Lubeck and Mainz to help childless couples. The laser is used to open up blocked Fallopian tubes, clearing the way from the ovaries to the uterus.

The sensitive tube tissue is only 4 mm thick, and conventional surgery is both costly and by no means sure to succeed. The specially designed carbon dioxide laser is a much faster worker and immediately puts paid, by means of radiation, to any bleeding during the operation.

Laser surgeons are confident they can deal with biockages or growths affecting the Fallopian tubes, but they have so far limited to laboratory animals experiments in surgery in the immediate vicinity of the womb. The laser is fast and simple to use, they say, but must be beamed with absolute accuracy.

WOMAN MP, 34, CHAIRS BUNDESTAG FINANCE COMMITTEE

Ingrid Matthaus-Maier is 34. She is also chairman of the Bundestag finance committee in Bonn, a post she took over from fellow Free Democrat, Liselotte Funcke, who left the Bundestag to become Economic Affairs Minister of North Rhine-Westphalia.

She has been an FDP member for ten years but began her political career in the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition, or APO, a New Left movement that flourished during the years of the Grand Coalition in Bonn (1966-69). She studied law and became a Bonn MP three years ago.

Frau Maier is well versed in finance and fiscal affairs. Politically she terms herself a Liberal left-winger, but she is not just a politician. She is expecting her second child in May but has no plans to take maternity leave (she didn't last time either). Her husband, a mathematician, runs the home full-time and will be doing so at least until next year's general election.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

GOONDAS TO GUARD VINOD-BINDIYA?

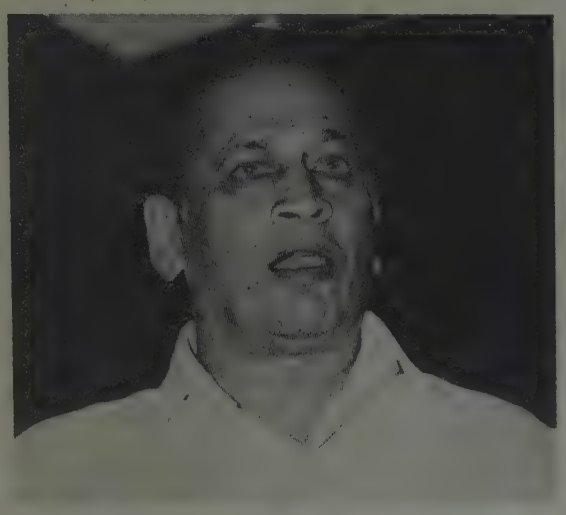
Four notorious goondas are posted around Vinod Mehra's Pali Hill bungalow. The permanent answer by the watchmen or domestic servant is, "Sahab ghar mein nahin hai." But I see Sahab Mehra in the balcony, on the terrace. Even memsahib Bindiya is very much there. The kitchen door has a giggling female servant, emptying Memsahib's lunch box or re-adjusting hangers full of female film costumes. Surely Vinod is not wearing shimmering nighties in his forthcoming films!

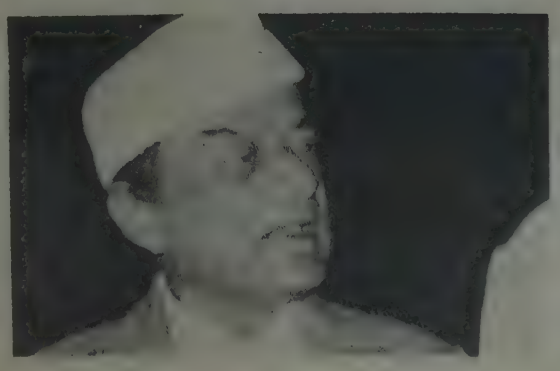
The goondas, I hear, are to protect the reported naya Muslim lovers from Bindiya's mummy and Sardar Broka, brother of wife Meena, residing in the Nibhana flat. Vinod, they say, is denying reports of marriage (Bindiya's mother confirms it) to all the protest delegates who go there. The protest delegates surprisingly include not only Meena's brother but Vinod's colleagues, sorry, rivals. And some of them are men who have discarded their wives, or have not looked them up for months. Actually, when Meena went in for marriage with a star with a past record of Rekha and Moushumi, what made her think she could ground him to the marital bed? And why should folks who lap up Burton's, Liz Taylor's marriage stories object to Vinod acquiring an extra wife?

A Meena or a Rima should know any celebrity or fame aspirant believes in plurals — bungalows, swimming pools, cars, cheque books, parents and of course wives.

* * *

The naya Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Mr. V. P. Sathe, was received by the Film Producers' Council with a splash of filmland brand of grease. G. P. Sippy was the first to meet the Minister in Delhi. He made a 40-minute speech when he spoke about his chlidhood, poverty (that must have been when he was a communist). He wound up by declaring all assistance to the new Minister. Mr. Raju said that Sathe had missed his vocation. He should have become a star. Sriram Bohra was the best. He said "Aao, khao, piyo, chale jao," (Come, eat, drink, and get out) and Sathe feigned to leave. Apart from this comedy bit, Sathe was in raptures over Prabhat films — "Kunku" "Padosi". He said films should be like those and not the crime, rape, cabarets, vulgarity of today.





But Sathesaab, this is a new era of a new society and new writers like me. After all, goondas, prostitutes, pimps, smugglers, Mafia kings, rapists are a part of the newly rich society. So why not depict them? One has to colour it for the masses who only appreciate primary, gaudy colours. Why this nostalgia for respectability? Vulgarity is also a phase in life. After all, the world of school teachers, post masters and kunku and padosis does not exist today. Today's woman has to bear the consequence of exposure and not suppression. She must be made aware of crime, rape and trade.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Mr. Paul Scherer, the Managing Director of Mills & Boon, who visited India recently was interested in assessing the market potential of Mills & Boon books. Besides, he also visited the type-setting and printing plant available with the Macmillan Co of India Ltd., at Bangalore and Manipal to utilise them in future.

Mills & Boon was founded in 1908 by Gerald Mills and Charles Boon. It merged with the Harlequin Group in 1972. Although all Mills & Boon books originated in English, translations are now available in more than fifteen languages, the most popular being Swedish, Danish, German, Hebrew, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Finnish, Norwegian, etc.

* * *

The United States International Communication Agency, and the Time & Talents Club Concerts Committee held a programme featuring the world renowned violinist, Ruggiero Ricci, with Mehroo Jeejeebhoy at the piano at Patkar Hall recently. The concert was held in aid of medical, educational and social relief.

* * *

Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, inaugurated a two-day Vegetable, Fruit & Flower Show organised by the "Friends of the Trees," at the Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute. A most eagerly-awaited annual event, this was their 21st show.

Over 1500 exhibits were on display comprising a variety of exotic flowers, some flown by Air-India and other airlines, including orchids from Jakarta, carnations from London, rare roses in mauve; cacti, follage and flowering plants; interesting specimens of bonsai; and fruit and flower arrangements.

At the prize distribution function on the second day, Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, was the Chief Guest.

* * *

Linda Schapper, a young American artist, held her solo exhibition of quilts at the American Center. Her work is characterised by bold designs and vibrant colours. She skillfully combines American patchwork techniques with Arabic geometric designs which she absorbed during her stay in Lebanon.

The neatly finished quilts in harmonious blending of colours and eyecatching patterns were indeed a feast for the eyes.

This versatile quiltmaker handles everything herself — from buying of materials to cutting, sewing and quilting.

She has several exhibitions to her credit, held in Europe.

The exhibition was sponsored by the American Center.

* * *

The Road Safety Week was organised by the Western India Automobile Association in collaboration with the Traffic Police, Greater Bombay, to create awareness on this problem of vital Importance. The week was inaugurated by Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra.

Disclosing this at a press conference, Mr. Taher Tayebji, Chairman of the WIAA, said that road accidents took a toll of 800 precious lives every year, besides causing severe injuries to over a 1,000, and minor injuries to 20,000 persons.

Mr. P. S. Pasricha, the Deputy Police Commissioner (Traffic) told newsmen that his Department had set up a water safety patrol to save people from drowning during important fes-

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1. Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor, inaugurated the 21st annual vegetable, fruit and flower show organised by the "Friends of the Trees" in Bombay. At the prize distribution held on the following day, the chief guest, Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, hands over a trophy to a winner.

2. Dr. (Mrs.) A. P. Vakharia, Mrs. Nargis Dutt and Br. Cyprian, seen at the lecture on Spastics held by the Ladies' Wing of the Association of Jeevan Bima Nagar, Bombay.

3. At a function held by the Macmillan Co. of India Ltd., at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay to meet Mr. Paul Scherer, M.D. of Mills and Boon Ltd., (2nd from right) are also seen (from left) Mrs. Chainani, Pratima Srivastava, Pub. Asst; Mr. S. G. Wasani, M.D.; Mrs. P. Scherer; and Mr. Chainani of Macmillan.

4. At the installation ceremony of the Lioness Club of Ahmedabad (west) Past Dist. Governor, Lion I.P. Shah hands the gavel to Founder President, Lioness Nila S. Mehta.

tive occasions like Ganpati at beach resorts.

Four traffic booths were being installed at vital spots like the airport, Bombay Central Station, V. T. Station and Dadar railway station. These booths would work round the clock and were equipped with guide maps, first aid kits, missing children registers, and the material to cater to the needs of tourists.

* * *

Midweek Theatre, a young dynamic group of talented players under Adi Marzban's slick direction, staged Alan Ayckbourn's comedy, "Bedroom Farce" recently in the city. The cast includes Roger Pereira, Sanober Aspandiar, Amita Kagal, Pankaj Khandpur, Jagdish Malkani, Vatsala Mendonca, Rumi Palsetia and Soni Razdan.

The producers are Deryck Jeffereis and Iqbal Chaiwala.

CALCUTTA

The third phase of the programme committee of the People's Theatre or "Ganamancha" presented some plays and popular songs under the auspices of Abhinay. Many of Calcutta's young cultural ambassadors paraded the streets in colourful costumes before they started their programme.

* * *

The All India Museums' Conference was attended by about 120 delegates from different museums in the country. The three day seminar was presided over by Mr. P. K. Poddar, Vice-Chancellor, Calcutta University. The theme this year was 'Museum and the Child'. Mrs. Kapila Vatsayan, Joint Educational Adviser, Department of Culture of the Union Government, delivered the key-note address.

* * *

The Consul General of Nepal, Dr. M. Lohani, arranged a lively programme of Nepalese folk songs and dances in honour of Mr. Vedananda Jha, Nepal's ambassador to India. Especially enjoyable were the songs of Sarola and Sophia Gurung and the solo dances of Prabha Subba. The show was directed by Prakash Gurung.

* * *

The foundation stone of the mini-train project of the Calcutta Improvement Trust was laid at Rabindra Sarovar by the Minister for Urban Development, Mr. Prasanta Sur. To the mini-train project is being added the attraction of a zoo and an acquarium. The chairman of the Calcutta Improvement Trust, Mr. M. M. Kushari, said that there would also be a child development centre in this 35 lakh complex.

* * *

The U.S. International Communication Agency sponsored an exhibition of four eminent pop artistes of America, Roy Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rosenquist and Andy Warhol at the Centenary Hall of the Indian Museum. Indian viewers were able to appreciate the selected exhibits of Pop art at its best in the last ten years.

CHANDIGARH

The 8th Rose Festival organised by the Administration of the U.T. was a spectacular, picturesque and panoromic show. Besides roses, other flowers like dahlias, chrysanthemums, candytufts and pansies were used with extensive foliage.

The feature "Electrolysis for Men" on page 24 of our issue dated March 8, 1980, was by Usha Choudhary, Chief Beautician, Silhouette Beauty Parlour, Oberoi Inter-Continental, New Delhi.

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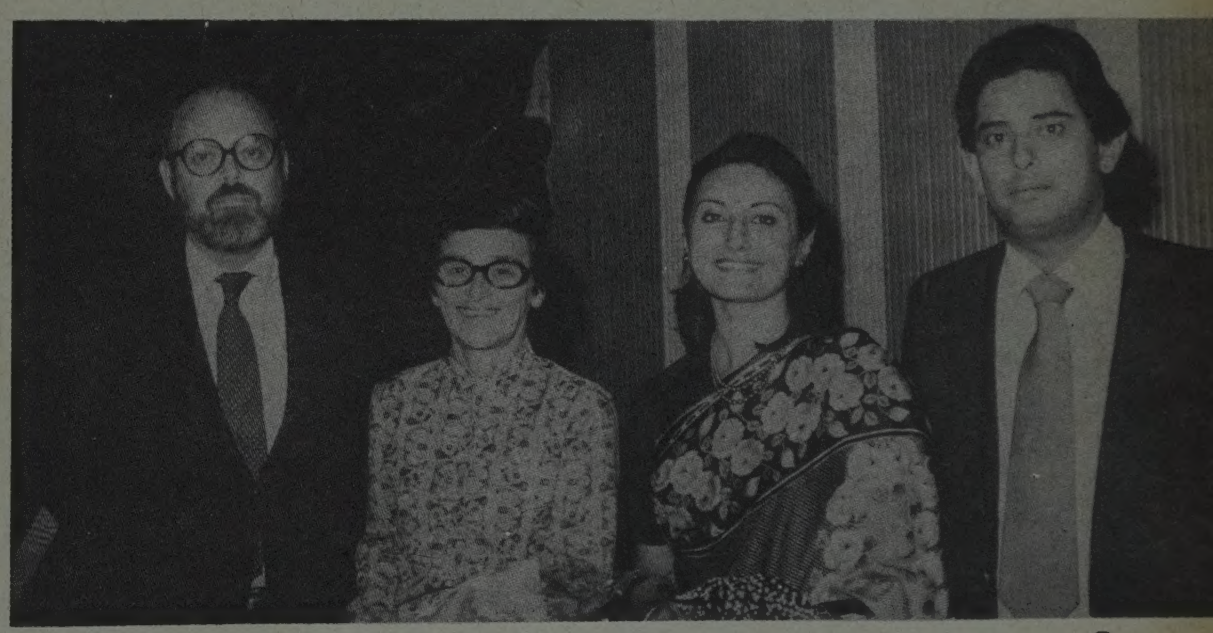

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5. Meenakshi Gupta and Nirupama Mathur (2nd and 3rd from left) seen at their sale of sarees and salwar-suits at Aakar Art Gallery in Bombay.

6. At the presentation of the play, "Tunnel of Love" by Adi Marzban, held in aid of the Round Table No. 1 charities in Madras, are seen (from left) Mr. Cochran, Consul General, U.S.A.; Mrs. Cochran; Mrs. S. Kothari, and Mr. Pradip Kothari.

7. At the annual day celebrations of St. Joseph's Convent School, Faridabad, the children are seen welcoming the chief guest, Mr. G. H. Probin, Production Director, Goodyear.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK March 16 — 22, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

New Moon this week indicates that you will achieve a breakthrough to better times in the year ahead. Life has not been all roses for a year or two, many changes will have occurred, some sadness. However later in 1980, a new and more optimistic phase of activity will begin. The next few weeks will be lively with minor changes benefitting you but May to July will be problematical phase although it could see the end of problems in relationships, both business and personal. Be cautious, moneywise, until late 1980. Don't indulge in false optimism. You must be able to cover yourself financially should you hit a difficult patch. But early 1981 should fulfil most of your hopes.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

An optimistic picture for some time ahead — a step-up later in the year, some minor strokes of luck in the near future. Rise to challenges, work hard to achieve ambitions. push on vigorously.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

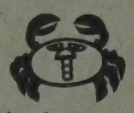
Behind-the-scenes activities are working in your favour. New influences will give current plans and aims a push forward. Venus in your sign helps your love life, bringing plenty of sparkle to the social scene.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

The new will be lucky for you, so think and plan ahead, rather than plod along in the usual routine. Minor changes will give you a new slant on things, expand your ambitions. A journey, possibly pleasure travel.

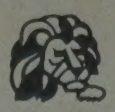
CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

A special hope or wish can reach fruition and before your 1980 birthday your affairs have a pleasing uptrend. Recent changes may have shaken up your ideas, but more are on the way. New friendships will help, so widen your social horizons.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

Both work and play are under forceful but helpful influences and you should enjoy all you do. Health improves and you will make headway in your activities. Concentrate on the main considerations; seize any opportunities that occur.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Life is too busy at present and things are not going your way. However, this is temporary and your future looks very promising. You don't have enthusiasm for current ambitions, but you've been working too hard, so relax a little for a spell.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

A lively social scene. There is a link between finance and friendships, so don't miss any chance! For now, accent is more on affairs of loved ones. You will need to fit in with their ideas and wishes.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Don't neglect any area of your activities, but allow for some minor disappointments between now and mid-May. Nothing much, don't take anyone — or anything — for granted. Both personal and money matters need tactful handling.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

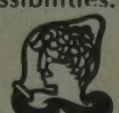
A lucky period with good trends socially. A good time to be on the move or to fix up future journeys. News from afar could be pleasing businesswise, or you may hear from a relative you've been out of touch with lately.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Travel and change are emphasised; no more clinging to a comfortable rut! New contacts will be fortunate, so circulate and explore! Life will be busy but enjoyable, and you will open your eyes to fresh possibilities.

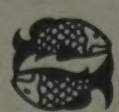
AQUARIUS



(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A strenuous period, lasting many weeks, with Mars in opposition to your sign. This will bring some minor difficulties, quarrels with people close to you — both in business and personal life. This week, some sudden arrivals or departures could upset your routine.

PISCES



(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

With Mars out of opposition to your sign the atmosphere will be more harmonious, but not less busy. Mercury in Pisces until mid-April will speed up everything! You may be thrown together with people who will advance your interests as well as provide companionship.

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Sister Coral Scott is typical of the highly trained women who devote their lives to the thousands of Australians who live beyond the range of normal medical services. For the past 18 years she has been one of a number of bush nurses working in isolated parts of the State of Victoria. Her community is the tiny cattle and timber township of Dargo (population 300), high in the Great Dividing Range. Although it is only 200 km. northeast of Melbourne, it can be reached only by a narrow, winding mountain road which is sometimes closed in winter by landslides or snow.

Sister Scott operates from her home, a cattle station (ranch) where she lives with her husband and teenage son. Her territory extends for a 65 km. radius around Dargo, and her daily round includes delivering babies, setting broken limbs, giving injections and caring for the elderly. Sister Scott went to Dargo after her marriage. She took on bush nursing as voluntary work expecting it to last a few weeks. "Now, 18 years later, it is an important part of my life," she says.

Sister Scott outside her home, which serves also as the Bush Nursing Clinic.

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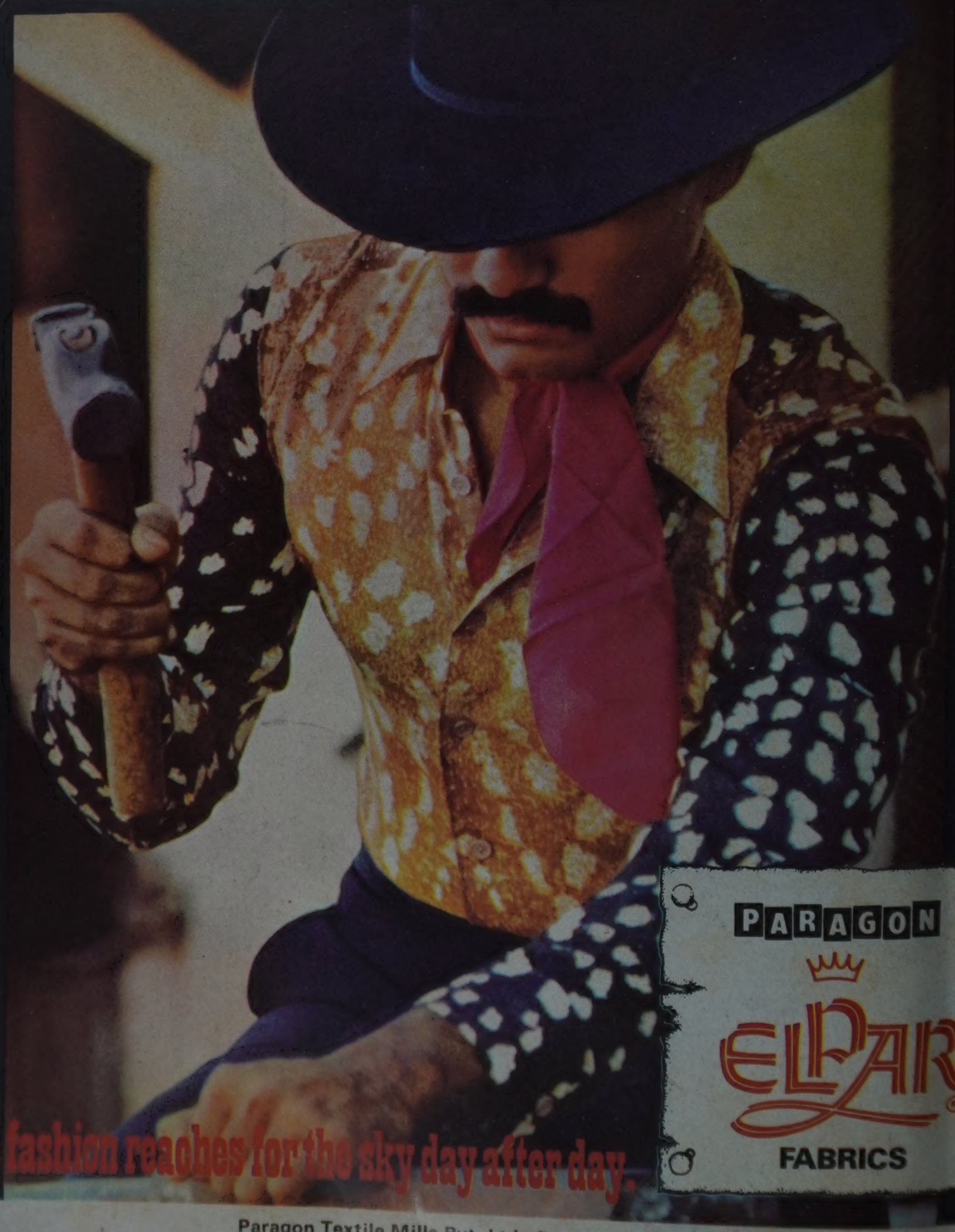

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